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King del. Storer sculp.

Interior of the Room in Redcliff Church where Rowleys Manuscripts were said to have been deposited.

Published for Longman & Rees Dec.r 13, 1802.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO

ROWLEY.

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CONTENTS.

The Pieces to which Asterisks are prefixed are now first collected or printed.

	Page
Eclogue 1	3
Eclogue 2	10
Eclogue 3	20
Eclogue 4	29
*The Parliament of Sprytes	37
The Tournament, an Interlude	62
Death of Syr Charles Bawdin	87
Onn oure Ladies Chycrhe	108
On the same	110
On the dedication of our Ladies Church	112
On the Mynster	115
On Happiness	117
Onne Johne a Dalbenie	119
The Gouler's Requiem	120
Account of W. Canynge's Feast	122

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Storie of William Canynge	125
Epitaph on Robert Canynge	124
*Heraudyn a Fragmente	135
*Fragment of Abbot John	136
*Warre by the same	138
*A Chronycalle of Brystowe	140
*The Freere of Orderys Whyte	143
Dialogue between Mastre Philpot and Walworth Cockneies	145
The merrie Tricks of Lamyngetowne	148
Songe of Seyncte Baldywynne	152
Songe of Seyncte Warburghe	154
Sancte Warbur	157
*The Worlde by William Canynge	160
The unknown Knight, or the Tournament	164
*The Romaunte of the Cnyghte	171
*The same modernised by Chatterton	174
To John Ladgate	177
Songe to Ælla	179
Ladgate's Answer	182
Epistle to Mastre Canynge, on Ælla	189
Letter to Mastre Canynge	195
Entroductionne	200
Ælla, a Tragical Interlude	201
Prologue to Goddwyn	325
Goddwyn, a Tragedy	327
Englysh Metamorphosis	351

CONTENTS.

	Page.
An Excelente Balade of Charity ..	360
Battle of Hastings (No. 1)	371
Battle of Hastings (No. 2)	405
*Account of the Family of De Bergham	453
Description of Chatterton's Arms	505
Glossary	520

Eclogues.

The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. *with the following title in the first page: "Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton." There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "Goddwyn, a Tragedie."*

The fourth Eclogue is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, *p.* 273. *It is there entitled, "Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May,* 1769." *Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.*

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE and RAUFE.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;

SMEETHYNGE, *smoking*; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the original as above.
LETHAL, *deadly*.
TWYTTE, *pluck or pull*; *twitch*.
KENNYNGE, *seeing*.
SURCOTE, *a cloke or mantle, which hid all the other dress*.
SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds*.
ABRODDEN, *abruptly*, so Chaucer,
Syke he abredden dyde attourne
ROSTLYNG, *rustling*.
AFFRAIE, *affright*.

Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges wee have enheped moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,
Come heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;

ENHEPED, *added, heaped.*
DERNIE, *sad.*
BALEFULL, *woeful, lamentable.*
NETE. *nought.*

Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,

SABALUS, *the Devil.*
MOTE, *might.*
SWOTE, *sweet.*
DYGNE, *good, neat, genteel.*
GRAVOTS, *groves, sometimes used for a coppice.*
FAR-KEND, *far-seen.*
ERRMIETS, *hermit.*
RIBIBLE, *violin.*
DYNNING, *sounding.*
HOASTRIE, *inn, or public house.*
EKE, *also.*
DYSPORTE, *pleasure.*
IMPESTERING, *annoying.*
WARDE, *to keep off.*
AYE, *ever, always.*
MEES, *meadows.*

Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges,* and embodyde trees,
Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte,
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante,
MiefloureSeyncteMarieshotteyngwythethelyghte,
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant,
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe,
Ihantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

APPLYNGES, *grafted trees.*
EMBODYDE, *thick, stout.*
PARKER'S GRANGE, *liberty of pasture given to the Parker.*
CUYEN, *tender.*
KYNE, *cows.*
STRINGE, *strong.*
GORNE, *garden.*
EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened, blanched.*
COMFREIE, *cumfrey,* a favourite dish at that time.
FLOURE SEYNCTE MARIE, *marygold.*
SHOTTEYNG, *shutting.*
DURESSED, *hardened.*
IHANTEND, *accustomed.*

---

* Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere.

RAUFE.

Here I wille *obaie untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre.
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.

OBAIE, *abide.* This line is also wrote, "*Here will I obaie uutil dethe ap-pere,*" but this is modernized.
SLEAETH, *destroyeth, killeth, slayeth*
EVERICHONE, *every one.*
GRE, *grow.*
BEMENT, *lament.*
BOOLIE, *much-loved, beloved.*

---

* This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of *Gloss. Ur.* has observed, that *Obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver. 12034 is a *misprint* and should be *Abeye*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best M.S.S. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the Poems got his word *Obaie*, with its interpretation.

Tyrwhitt.

†Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn, ystorven ys;

CALKED, *cast out, ejected.*
CULLYS-YATTE, *alluding to the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle.*

DOME, *fate.*
MIE SONNE ALLEYN, *my only son.*
YSTORVEN, *dead.*

---

† This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. "*Calked, exp. Cast, credo Cast up.*" Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out*, and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "*Calked for Calculated. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale.*" It is probable too I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankeleins Tale*, which in the common editions stands thus:—"*Full subtelly he had calked al this,*" where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculed*, the reading of the M.S.S.

Tyrwhitt.

* Alone is never used for only; *solus* for *unicus*; *seul* for *unique*. The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakespere, "*Ah! no—it is my only son*"—to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words.

Tyrwhitt.

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges fledden is selyness,
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse*
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

YWIS, *I think.*
LOGGES, *cottages.*
SELYNESS, *happiness.*
MYNSTERRES, *monasteries.*
ALLEYN, *only.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
DEPEYNCTE, *paint.*
RODE, *complexion.*

---

* When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask.
Shakespere. Henry 4. P. 1.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme.
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;

SPRYTES, *spirits, souls.*
PLEASAUNCE, *pleasure.*
BREDE, *broad.*
GLEME, *shine, glimmer, gleam.*
AMENUSED, *diminished, lessened.*
ASTON, *astonished, confounded.*
KEN, *see, discover, know.*
SYKE, *such, so.*
BREME, *strong.*
HEAFODS, *heads.*
COUPE, *cut.*
LYMED, *glassy, reflecting.*

Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,
Decorn wyth fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore red estells in the eve merk skyes;
The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,
Alyche talle roshes on the water syde;

OUNDES, *waves, billows.*
AKE, *oak.*
SLUGHORNES, *a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy.*
SWOTYE, *sweet.*
CLEME, *sound.*
CONTEKE, *confuse, contend with.*
DYNNYNGE, *sounding.*
TRONES, *thrones*
ASTEDDE, *seated.*
GULE, *red.*
DEPEYNCTED, *painted.*
DECORN, *carved.*
FONNES, *devices.*
SHEMRYNGE, *glimmering.*
UPSWALYNGE, *rising high, swelling up.*
HEIE, *they.*
ESTELLS, *a corruption of* estoile, Fr. *a star.*
EVE, *evening.*
MERK, *dark.*
NOME-DEPEYNCTED, *rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.
ALYCHE, *like.*

Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarasen lokes owte : he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and there,
Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
The mittee crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the syghte yer corrage doe affraie,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere

ALENGE, *along.*
SHEENE, *shine.*
SWEFT-KERV'd, *short-lived.*
BRONDEOUS, *furious.*
REINETH, *runneth.*
ONKNOWLACHYNGE, *not knowing.*
OBAIE, *abide.*

MITTEE, *mighty.*
AFFRAIE, *affright.*
BALEFULL, *woeful.*
YWREENE, *covered.*
BOLLENGERS, COTTES, *different kinds of boats.*

Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare;
The dosheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;
The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of warre,
Inne sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie gronfers*dyghte,

EFTSOONES, *full soon, presently.*
JYNYNGE, *joining.*
GLARE, *glitter.*
DOSHEYNGE, *dashing.*
GEMOTED, *united, assembled.*
REYNYNG, *running.*
FOEMEN, *foes.*
GIF, *if.*
BOUN, *make ready.*
MERK, *dark.*
FRAIE, *engage.*
BLYN, *cease, stand still.*
LYONCEL, *a young lion.*
FEERIE, *flaming.*
GRONFERS, *a meteor*, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, *a fire exhaled from a fen.*
DYGHTE, *deckt.*

---

* Mr. Bryant has a curious remark upon this word.

"It is here said to be derived from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, *a corruption of fire*. Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*; the same

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.

AMENGE, *among.*
DRYBBLETT, *small, insignificant.*
WAYNE, *carr.*
AMAYL'D, *enameled.*
BLAUNCHIE, *white, silver.*
ESTELLS, *stars.*

---

which the country people stile a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack a lantern.* On this account the expositor has been induced to derive it from *gron* a *fen.* But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides, a *Gronfire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *gron** and *grun, solum.* See Olai Verelii Lexicon Sueo. Gothic. It was expressed A. S. ȝɲunð. *solum. fundum.* Al. *grunt.* B. *grond.* See Lye's Etymolog. Ang. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyche a battently low mie swerde shall brend.

Goddwyn. 50.

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old

---

* *Gron* signifies undoubtedly a marshy place: but also solid ground.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme flie,
Enchafynge echone champyonne war to wage.

DISTRAUGHTE, *distracting.*
AFFRAIE, *affright.*
EMBURLED, *armed.*

UGSOMME, *terribly.*
ENCHAFYNGE, *encouraging, heating.*

some phenomena, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1032, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom; and that a sad mortality ensued; and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, *such as were never seen before.* They broke out of the earth in different places and did a great deal of mischief.† Simeon Dunelmensis takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1018. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature; and he concludes with saying, *villas et segetes multas ustulavit. Hist. Ang. Script. Decem.* p. 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed; and the mischief which was done by these fires. ibid. p. 939. l. 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next

† P. 154. See also Roger de Hoveden p. 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *battent lowes* and *gronfires*, which broke out in the times specified.

*Speres †bevyle speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;
Armoure on armoure dynn, shielde upon shielde;
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
Botte falleynge nombers sable all the feelde,

BEVYLE, *break*, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting,

DYNN, *sounds*.
SABLE, *blacken*.

---

* Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed.
* * * * * *
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

Pope's Homer.

† The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *bevyle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey. "Bevile (in Heraldry) *broken* or open, like a bevel, or carpenter's rule."

Tyrwhitt.

---

century, according to Holinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not by water, nor by any means ‡ be subdued. V. 2. p. 44. Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance. And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these Groundfires, to which the poet alluded. It is remarkable

---

‡ See an account of a similar phænomenon in Germany mentioned by Tacitus.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope doth flie,
And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the greene;

RELES, *waves.* || MEYNTE, *many, great numbers.*

that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon was anno 1048; both in the days of Earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made, agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires, was not indeed in the days of King † Richard, who is the person concerned in the Second Eclogue, yet not so far removed, but that there might have been persons living by whom they were seen. The memory of them could not have been soon effaced. Hence it was natural for persons, who were treating of those times, to introduce those circumstances, which so particularly marked them. For the justice of these comparisons was very apparent in those days: which fitness and propriety is lost if they are introduced at a later season, and by another hand. It is from such remote and secret references that I am induced to think that some of these poems are of a greater antiquity than has generally been attributed to them. As to the person who has attempted to explain them, it is manifest that he proceeded merely by surmise and conjecture. He was not acquainted with the latent purport of these references; and the conclusion which necessarily follows, is, I think, very plain.

† They happened anno 1135, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p. 195.

Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn is sleene ;
The waylynge mone doth fade before hys sonne ;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene,
Doeynge syke marvels, strongers be aston.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is wonne ; Kynge Rycharde master is ;
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre ;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
Twyghte into lovynge armes, and feasted eft ;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere,
Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

SLEENE, *slain.*
WAYLYNGE, *decreasing.*
DEENE, *glorious, worthy.*
MARVELS, *wonders.*
ASTON, *astonished.*

IWYS, *certainly.*
BAYRE ; *brow.*
TWYGHTE *plucked, pulled.*
EFT ; *often.*
WYERE, *grief, trouble.*

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge
proove.

Upswol, *swollen.*

---

* Thyssen. this word is not to be found in any other writer. *thisom* or *thisen* is used by the Colliers about Bristol.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

Wouldst thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges and *bordels of the hynde;
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem you see the †blakied forme of kynde.

LOGGES *lodges, huts.*
BORDELS, *cottages.*
HYNDE, *servant, slave, peasant.*
GYFF, *if.*
HEM, *a contraction of* them.
BLAKIED *naked, original.*
KYNDE, *nature.*

* *Bordel*, in very old French, signifies *a cottage*, and *bordelier*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for the keeper of such a house.

† To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occuring Æ. 178.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde ?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote bee ?
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free ?
Gyfsoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysportynge pende;
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe ?
O where do ye bende yer waie ?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

LYCHEYNGE, *liking*.
MOTE, *might*. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state.
WISEEGGER, *wise-egger, a philosopher*.
KNOWLACHE, *knowledge*.
DYSPORTEYNGE, *sporting*.
ASSELED, *answered*.

---

and again 407.

Blake stondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyse.

is explained *open, exposed*; and *blakied* is made the participle from an imaginary verb, to *blakie*, signifying to *open*.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parsone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylledrenche of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
With birlette golde,

HELLE, *aid, or help.*
WURKE, *work.*
WURCH, *work.*
DRENCHE, *drink.*
BIRLETTE, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head.*

Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe ?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea ;
Ich ask whie the loverds son
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,
From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle ;
Swythyn scille oppe the haie upponne the playne ;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.
Thys ysalyche oure doome; the great, the smalle,

GELTEN, *guilded.*
AUMERES, *borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.*
LOVERDS, *lord's.*
SWELTRIE, *sultry.*
WAYNE, *car.*
SEME, *seed.*
SWYTHYN, *quickly, presently.*
SCILLE, *gather.*
GRE, *grow.*
DOOME, *fate.*

Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis darte.
See ! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle:
Itte wythe the ranke wede-bereth evalle parte.
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente.

MANNE.

All-a-boon,* Syr Priest, all-a-boon.
Bye yer preestschype nowe saye unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee
Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

WITHE, *a contraction of wither.*
FORWYNED, *dried.*
SWOTE, *sweet.*
FLOURETTE, *flower.*
EVALLE, *equal.*

CRAVENT, *coward.*
BLENTE, *ceased, dead, no more.*
BEMENTE, *lament.*
ALL-A-BOON, *a manner of asking a favour.*

* Mr Tyrwhitt says, "the only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order, is in Chaucer. C. Tales. v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone."

This the Dean of Exeter considers as authority, arguing that the words in Chaucer should be connected: but *all* is there evidently an adjective connected with the pronoun *hem*.

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle;
An answere to thie barganette here see,
Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle:
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,
Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;

ATTOURNE, *turn.*
TENTYFLIE, *carefully, with circumspection.*
CHAPER, *dry, sun-burnt.*
DELLE, *valley.*
BARGANETTE, *a song, or ballad.*
WELKED, *withered.*
ARIST, *arisen, or arose.*
BLEW, *blossomed.*
ASCAUNCE, *disdainfully.*
DEIGNED, *disdained.*
RENNOME, *glory.*
EFTSOONES, *quickly.*
DAIE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt.*
SYKE, *such.*
LOVERDS, *lord's*
ENTE, *a purse or bag.*
SLEA, *slay.*

Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee.
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffe of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wyth the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;

ETHE, *ease.*
TROTHE, *truth.*
HAILE, *happy.*
WURCHEST, *workest.*
KIVERCLED, *the hidden or secret part of.*
SOUGHLYS, *souls.*
EFTSOONES, *full soon, or presently.*
WAYNE, *car.*
TWAYNE. *two.*
JUBB, *a bottle.*

Syre Preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe gieate,
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;
Whan fuired unwers doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.

HEIEDEYGNES, *a country dance, still practised in the North.*
FOILE, *baffle.*
FEYGNES, *a corruption of Feints.*
MYNSTRELLE, *a minstrel is a musician.*
UNLISTE, *unbounded.*
BRAUNCES, *branches.*
FUIRED, *furious.*
UNWERS, *tempests, storms.*
DEERE, *dire.*
DOLE, *dismay.*
MOKE, *much.*

Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced bie the storme :
Syke is a picte of lyffe : the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mounte.

CONGEON, *dwarf.*
ABESSIE, *humility.*
DYGHTE, *decked.*

UNQUACED, *unhurt.*
PICTE, *picture.*
TEMPEST-CHAFT, *tempest-beaten.*

Evidently from the French *abaisser*, but corruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed. it is used by no other writer.

Tyrwhitt.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE and JUGA.

Onne Ruddeborne bank twa pynynge Maydens sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde speke *acroole, wythe languishment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

RUDDEBORNE, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York.

BEMENTYNGE, *lamenting.*
MORTHYNGE, *murdering.*
ACROOLE, *faintly.*
LEMED, *glistened.*

* Unauthorized. The imitative verb *crool*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele ;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;
See ! see ! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies ;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente ;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke ;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,

DERNIE, *sad.*
DYGHTE, *arrayed, or cased.*
MOKE, *much.*
INHILD, *infuse.*
JOICE, *juice,*
LEVYNDE, *blasted.*

Or lyche forlettenn halles* of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,†
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne

FORLETTENN, *forsaken.*
MITCHES, *ruins.*
FRYGHTE, *fear.*

LETHALE, *deadly*, or *deathboding.*
MISKYNETTE, *a small bagpipe.*

* Mr. Bowles has introduced this line in his Monody written at Matlock.

Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of Ruin rent
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment.

† The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Gray.

Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie ;
I'll seke the forreste alle the lyve-longe daie ;
Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte ;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte ;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde !) gif to a spryte
SyrrRychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

LESSEL, in a confined sense, *a bush or hedge*, though sometimes used as a *forest.*
ALLE NETE, *night*
AMENGE, *among.*
CHYRCHE GLEBE, *church yard.*
LECTURE, *relate.*
MOKIE, *black.*
LEDEN, *decreasing.*
SELYNESS, *happiness.*
LYPED, *linked.*

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,

BEMENTYNGE, *lamenting.*
LIMED, *glaisy.*
LINCHE, *bank.*
MENGED, *mingled.*
MEES, *meeds.*

Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
syde,
Yelled theyre lethalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves
and dyde.

DISTRAUGHTE, *distracted.*

The Parlyamente of Sprytes.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. The Original in Chatterton's hand-writing is in the British Museum. It was among the most early communications of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaied bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre, on dedicatynge the chyrche of *Oure Ladie of Redclefte*, hight

The PARLIAMENT of SPRYTES.

Wroten bie T. ROWLEIE and J. ISCAMME.

Entroductyon bie Queene Mabbe.
(Bie Iscamme.)

Whan from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,

HULSTRED, *hidden.*

JOHN CARPENTER, bishop of Worcester, who in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the abbey at Westbury.

JOHN ISCAM, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called "The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of Lamyngeton;" also at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge) he translated a Latin piece called Miles Brystolli into English metre. The place of his birth is not known

10265

Than from the flouretts straughte with dewe ;
Mie leege menne makes yee awhaped,
And wytches theyre wytchencref doe.
Then ryse the sprytes ugsome and rou,
And take theyre walke the letten throwe.
Than do the sprytes of valourous menne,
Agleeme along the barbed halle ;
Pleasaunte the moultrynge banners kenne,
Or sytte arounde yn honourde stalle.
Oure sprytes atourne theyr eyne to nyghte,
And looke on Canynge his chyrche bryghte.
In sothe yn alle mie bismarde rounde,
Troolie the thynge muste be bewryen :

STRAUGHTE, *stretched.* I think this line is borrowed from a much better one of Rowley's, viz. " Like kynge cuppes brasteynge wyth the mornynge dew." The reason why I think Iscam guilty of the plagiary is, that the Songe to Ella, from whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Iscam wrote the above little before the finishing of the church.

AWHAPED, *astonished.*
WYTCHENCREF, *witchcraft.*
UGSOME, *terrible.*
ROU, *ugly.*
LETTEN, this is a word peculiar to the West, and signifies a *churchyard.*
BARBED, *hung with banners or trophies.*
MOLTRYNGE, *mouldering*
ATOURNE, *turn.*
EYNE, *eyes.*
BISMARDE, *curious.*
BEWRYEN, *declared or made known.*

Inne stone or woden worke ne founde,
Nete so bielecoyle to myne eyne,
As ys goode Canynge hys chyrche of stone,
Whych blatauntlie wylle shewe his prayse alone.

To Johannes Carpenterre Byshoppe of Worcesterre.
(Bie Rowleie.)

To you goode Byshoppe, I address mie saie,
To you who honoureth the clothe you weare;
Lyke pretious bighes ynne golde of beste allaie
Echone dothe make the other seeme more fayre:
Other than you where coulde a manne be founde
So fytte to make a place bee holie grounde.

The sainctes ynne stones so netelie carvelled,
Theie scantlie are whatte theie enseeme to be;

BIELECOYLE, *well pleasing or welcome.*
BLATAUNTLIE, *loudly.*
BIGHES, *jewels.*
CARVELLED, *carved.*
SCANTLIE, *scarcely.*

"OTHER THAN YOU," &c. Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by a poem written by Rowley.

Bie fervente praier of yours myghte rear theyre heade
And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.
Was everie prelate lyke a Carpenterre,
The chyrche woulde ne blushe at a Wynchesterre.

Learned as Beauclerke, as the confessour
Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge charitable,
Busie in holie chyrche as Vavasour,
Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges stable,
Honest as Saxonnes was, from whence thou'rt sprunge,
Tho boddie weak thie soule for ever younge.

Thou knowest welle thie conscience free from steyne,
Thie soule her rode no sable batements have;
Yclenchde oer wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,
A daie aeterne thie mynde does aie adave.
Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,
Ne starvvynge preestes ycrase thie nyghtlie reste.

Rode, *completion.* I take the meaning of this line to be, "The complection of thy soul is free from the black marks of sin."

Yclenchde, *covered.*
Aeterne, *eternal.*
Adave, *enjoy.*
Ycrase, *to break.*

Here then to thee let me for one and alle
Give lawde to Carpenterre and commendatyon,
For hys grete vyrtues but alas! too smalle
Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste blatyon,
Or to blaze forthe hys publicke goode alone,
And alle hys pryvate goode to godde and hym ys knowne.

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.
(Bie Iscamme.)

Soon as the morne but newlie wake,
Spyed Nyghte ystorven lye ;
On herre corse dyd dew droppes shake,
Then fore the sonne upgotten was I.
The rampynge lyon, felle tygere,
The bocke that skyppes from place to place,
The olyphaunte and rhynocere,

BLATYON, *blation, praise* ‖ RHYNOCERE, *rhinoceros.*

OLYPHAUNT, *elephant.* So an ancient anonymous author :

The olyphaunt of beastes is
The wisest I wis,
For hee alwaie dothe eat
Lyttle store of meat.

Before mee throughe the greeene woode I dyd chace.
Nymrodde as scryptures hyght mie name,
Baalle as jetted stories saie ;
For rearynge Babelle of greete fame,
Mie name and renome shalle lyven for aie:
But here I spie a fyner rearynge,
Genst whych the clowdes dothe not fyghte,
Onne whych the starres doe sytte to appearynge:
Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom of lyghte.
O where ys the manne that buylded the same,
Dyspendynge worldlie store so welle ;
Fayn woulde I chaunge wyth hym mie name,
And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to helle.

Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.

Whan toe theyre caves aeterne abeste,
The waters ne moe han dystreste.

JETTED, *devised* or *faigned.*
RENOME, *renown.*
DYSPENDYNGE, *expending.*
HAN, *preterite of have.*

ABESTE, according to Rowley, *humbled* or *brought down.* And Rowleie saies "thie pryde wylle be abeste." Entroductyon to the Entyrlude of the Apostate.

The worlde so large ;
Butte dyde dyscharge
Themselves ynto theyre bedde of reste.

Then menne besprenged alle abroade,
Ne moe dyde worshyppe the true Godde ;
Butte dyd create
Hie temples greate
Unto the ymage of Nymrodde.

But nowe the Worde of Godde is come,
Borne of Maide Marie toe brynge home
Mankynde hys shepe,
Theme for to keepe
In the folde of hys heavenlie kyngdome.

Thys chyrche whych Canynge he dyd reer,
To bee dispente in prayse and prayer,
Mennes soules to save,

BESPRENGED, *scattered.* || DISPENTE, *used.*

From vowrynge grave,
Ande puryfye them heaven were.

Sprytes of Elle, Bythrycke, Fytz-hardynge, Frampton, Gauntes, Segowen, Lanyngeton, Knyghtes Templars, and Byrtonne.
(Bie Rowleie.)

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

Elle, thie Brystowe is thie onlie care,
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode ;
Ne lovynge dames toe kynde moe love can bear,
Ne Lombardes over golde moe vyllaunt broode.

VOWRYNGE, *devouring.*

ELLE, *Keeper of Bristol Castle in the time of the Saxons.*

BYTHRYCKE, *an anglo-Saxon, who in William the Conqueror's time had Bristol.*

VYLLANT, *vigilant.*

HEAVEN WERE, *heaven-ward, so Rowley :*

" Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven were,
Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne.

Entroductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate."

Spryte of Elle speeketh.

Swythyn, yee sprytes forsake the bollen floude,
And browke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne ;
Welle have I vended myne for Danyshe bloude,
Syth thys greete structure greete mie whaped eyne.
Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,
Tourne there your eyne and see your workes outvyde.

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

What wondrous monumente! what pyle ys thys!
That byndes in wonders chayne entendemente!
That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyss,
And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,
From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse sente.
Fulle welle myne eyne arede ytte canne ne bee,
That manne coulde reare of thylke agreete extente,
A chyrche so bausyn fetyve as wee see:

SWYTHYN, *quickly.*
BOLLEN, *swelled.*
BROWKE, *enjoy.*
WHAPED, *amazed.*
ENTENDEMENTE, *understanding.*
AREDE, *conceive.*
BAUSYN FETYVE, *elegantly large.*

The flemed cloudes disparted from it flie,
Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye .

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Were I once moe caste yn a mortalle frame,
To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne eare,
To heare the masses to owre holie dame,
To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre !
Throughe the halfe hulstred sylver twynklynge glare
Of yon bryghte moone in foggie mantles dreste,
I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,
Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte arreste.
Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle I flie the lyghte,
O were I manne agen to see the syghte !
There sytte the canons; clothe of sable hue
Adorne the boddies of them everie one ;
The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,
And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,

FLEMED, *frighted.*
ASPERE, *to view.*
ISHAD, *broken.*
HALLIE, *well pleasing, also holy.*
WAYLE, *old.*
CHAPPEAUS, *hats or caps of estates.*

Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the sunne;
The dames ynne kyrtles alle of Lyncolne greene,
And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done:
A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

Byrtonnes spryte speeketh.

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,
For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome;
At everyche tyltynge yarde mie name was hyghte,
I beare the belle awaie whereer I come.
Of Redclfte chyrche the buyldynge newe I done,
And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,
Of Maries house made the foundacyon,
And gave a threescore markes to Johnes hys toe.
Then clos'd myne eyne on erthe to ope no moe,
Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was doe.
Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,
Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.
Thys geason buyldynge limedst of the towne,
Like to the donours soule, shalle never die;

PYGHTEN, *pulled down.*
GEASON, *rare.*
|| LIMEDST, *most noble.*

But if percase Tyme, of hys dyre envie,
Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and throckes of stone;
The faytour traveller that passes bie
Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendoure shewne
Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,
And pyllars theyre greene heades to heaven rearynge.

Spryte of Segowen speeketh.

Bestoykynge golde was once myne onlie toie,
Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie;
Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe emploie,
Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye.
Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howre laie,
Thynkynge howe to benym the orphyans breadde,
And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,
I from the skien heare a voyce, which said,

THROCKES, *heaps.*
FAYTOUR, *wandering.*
ROYEND, *ruin'd.*
CRASD, *broken, old.*
SEGOWEN, *A usurer, a native of Lombardy.*

BESTOYKYNGE, *deceiving.*
LEMAN, *whore.*
JUBBE, *bottle.*
BENYM, *to take away.*
REDELESS, *helpless.*

Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake ;
Some deede thats holie doe, or hee thie soule wylle take.

I swythyn was upryst wyth feere astounde ;
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle :
Strayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,
Thoughten full soone for to go to helle.
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd telle,
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to peices felle.
Mie heart dispanded into heaven laie :
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—
Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,
Twas love of Godde that set thee on the rearynge
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge :

Upryste, *risen up.*
Astounde, *astonished.*
Merke, *darkness.*
Areede, *counsel.*
Dispanded, *expanded.*
Astowde, *bestow'd.*
Karynte, *a loan.*
Lymed, *noble.*

Thys chyrch owre lesser buyldyngs all owt-daryinge,
Lyke to the moone wythe starres of lyttle lyghte;
And after tymes the feetyve pyle reverynge,
The prynce of chyrches buylders thee shall hyghte;
Greete was the cause, but greeter was the effecte,
So alle wyll saie who doe thys place prospect.

Spryte of Fytz Hardynge specketh.

From royal parentes dyd I have retaynynge,
The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syre;
The Dane who often throwe thys kyngdom draynynge,
Would mark theyre waie athrowgh wythe bloude and fyre.
As stopped ryvers alwaies ryse moe hygher,
And rammed stones bie opposures stronger bee;
So thie whan vanquyshed dyd prove moe dyre,
And for one peysan theie dyd threescore slee.
From them of Denmarques royalle bloude came I,
Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie.

FEETYVE, *handsome* or *elegant.*

PEYSAN, *a countryman, also a foot soldier.*

The pypes maie sounde and bubble forth mie name,
And tellen what on Radclefte syde I dyd :
Trinytie Colledge ne agrutche mie fame,
The fayrest place in Brystowe ybuylded.
The royalle bloude that thorow mie vaynes slydde
Dyd tyncte mie harte wythe manie a noble thoughte ;
Lyke to mie mynde the mynster yreared,
Wythe noble carvel workmanshyppe was wroughte.
Hie at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's throne,
Dyd I take place and was myself alone.

But thou, the buylder of this swotie place,
Where alle the saynctes in sweete ajunctyon stande,
A verie heaven for yttes fetyve grace,
The glorie and the wonder of the lande,
That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers hande,
To bee the beste that on the erthe remaynes ;
At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,
Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes.
Canynge the great, the charytable, and good,
Noble as kynges if not of kyngelie bloude.

MYNSTER, *monastery.*
SWOTIE, *sweet* or *delighting.*
DEYS, *first table in a monastery, where the superior sat.*

Spryte of Framptone speeketh.

Brystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radclefte toe,
For here mie deedes were goddelye everychone;
As Owdens mynster bie the gate wylle shewe,
And Johnes at Brystowe what mie workes han done.
Besydes anere howse that I han begunne;
Butte myne comparde to thyssen ys a groffe:
Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,
A verie punelstre or verie scoffe;
Canynge, thie name shall lyven be for aie,
Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie.

Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,
And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;
As tourynge to mie Godde on erthe dyd lyve,
So alle the Brystowe chronycles wylle shewe.

ANERE, *another.*
GROFFE, *a laughing stock.*
PUNELSTRE, *an empty boast.*

Butte alle mie deedes wylle bee as nothynge nowe,
Syth Canynge have thys buyldynge fynyshed,
Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Brystowe,
And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched:
Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of alle,
And onlie in the wrecke of nature falle.

A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh.

In hallie land where Sarasins defyle
The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,
And Chryste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,
Wordies of despyte genst oure Savyour throwe.
There twas that we dyd owre warfarage doe,
Guardynge the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,
Movynge lyke thonder boultes yn drear arraie.
Owre strokes lyke levyn tareynge the tall tree
Owre Godde owre arme wyth lethalle force dyd dree.

Moschyes, *mosques.*
Faie, *faith.*
Levyn, *lightning.*
Dree, *drive.*

Maint tenures fayre, ande mannoures of greete welthe,
Greene woodes, and brooklettes runnynge throughe
the lee,
Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deare soule her helthe,
Gave erthlie ryches for goodes heavenlie.
Nee dyd we lette oure ryches untyle bee,
But dyd ybuylde the Temple chyrche soe fyne,
The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie;
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondrynge eyne;
And ever and anon when belles rynged,
From place to place ytte moveth yttes hie heade:
Butte Canynge from the sweate of hys owne browes,
Dyd gette hys golde and rayse thys fetyve howse.

Lanyngetonnes spryte speeketh.

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave;
Alle obloquyes be rotted mythe mie duste;

Maint, *many.*
Untyle, *useless.*

|| Bismarelie, *curiously.*
Camoys, *crooked upwards, Lat. simus.*

Lette him fyrst carpen that no wemmes have:
'Tys paste mannes nature for to bee aie juste.
But yette in sothen to rejoyce I muste,
That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde;
Sythe thys quaintissed place so gloryous,
Seemeynge alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,
Has nowe supplied for what I had done,
Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Then lette us alle do jyntelie reveraunce here,
The beste of menne and Byshoppes here doe stande:
Who are Goddes shepsterres and do take good care,
Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand;
Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande
Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,

WEMMES, *faults.*
QUAINTISSED, *curiously devised.*
GUYLDE, *company.*
CIERGE, *candle.*
SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds.*
LIKANDE, *liking.*

When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,
Affryghte the wycked and awaken alle :
Then Canynge ryses to eternal reste,
And fyndes hee chose on erthe a lyfe the beste.

The Tournament.

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands.

The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

"Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of Syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation M.C.C.XXXXXXV. *hee was desyrabelle of aspect and in hys yowthe much yeven to Tourneyeynge, and* M.C.C.XXXXXXXX *at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learned and ybuylded a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye to behoulde, wyth carvelly'd pyllars on whych was thys ryme wroten:*

Fulle nobille is thys Kyngelie howse
And eke fulle nobille thee,
Echone is for the other fytte
As tayncte: for heaven bee.

Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds and was of the poore beloved: in M.C.C.LXXXV *Kynge Edwarde**

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* This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285, "Rex Edw. 1. per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitem Gloveruiæ noscitur pertinere: Rex dein Bristolliam veniens festum Dominicæ nativitatis eo Anno ibi tenuit."

Barrett.

kepte hys Chrystmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferrars Nevylle. Geoffroie Freeman, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days jouste ōn Sayncte Maryes Hylle: Syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Gervayse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuynge proper but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudic swerde peercynge a couroune wyth a sheelde peasenue with sylver; he ranne twaync tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyrde rencountre: then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrowen Syrre Ferrars Neville, he woulde there erecte and buylde a chyrche to owre Ladye: allgate there stoode anigh Lamyngtonnes Ladies chamber: hee then encountred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde, remaynynge konynge, victore knyght of the Jouste, ande settynge atte the ryghte honde of K. Edwarde. Inne M.CCLXXXXI *hee performed hys vowen ybuylden a godelye chyrche from a pattern of St. Oswaldes Abbyes Chyrche and the day of our Lordes natyvyty* M.C.CCI. *Gylbert de Sante Leonfardoe Byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde."*

THE

TOURNAMENT,

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter an HERAWDE.

The Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;
The courserrs lysse about the mensuredd fielde;
The shemrynge armoure throwes the sheene arounde;
Quayntyssed fons depicted onn eche sheelde.
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,

Lysse, *sport, or play.*
Mensuredd, *bounded, or measured.*
Shemrynge, *shining.*
Sheene, *lustre.*
Quayntyssed, *curiously devised, quaint.*

Fons, *fancies, or devices.*
Depicted, *painted, or displayed.*
Feerie, *fiery.*
Amielde, *ornamented, enamelled.*

Supportes the rampynge lyoncell orr beare,
Wythe straunge depyctures, nature maie nott yeelde,
Unseemlie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte,
Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer of her joies,
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde;
Wythe advantayle* and borne* I meynte emploie,

LYONCELL, *a young lion.*
DEPYCTURES, *drawings, paintings.*
YATTE, *that.*
SPRYTE, *soul.*
SPENCER, *dispenser.*
SWYTHEN, *quickly.*
YEVE, *give.*
ADVANTAYLE, *armour.*
BORNE, *burnish.*
MEYNTE, *many.*

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* "In the notes ADVENTAYLE is interpreted *armour* and BORNE *burnish.* In this passage there seem to be several mistakes. The transcriber has expressed the former word with a d, *ad*ventayle and a*d*vantayle: in which, if there be any propriety, he was, I believe, little aware of it. The true spelling is supposed to be *aventayle,* from the French *avant.* It was some part of a suit of armour which projected; and this might have been known from Skinner. *Aventaile*: credo a Franco—Gallico jam obsoleto, *aventail*; prætentura ferrea: προσεγνιδιον: ab adverbio *avant.* A like account is afforded by Du Cange; but neither of them define precisely, what piece of armour it was. However from the accounts

Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;
Soe the neshe flowerr grees ynne the woodeland shade.

NESHE, *young, weak, tender.* ‖ GREES, *grows.*

---

which are uniformly given of it, we may be assured that it was something which stood forward; and is therefore supposed by Du Cange to be *anterior armaturæ pars.* In the M.S.S. of William and the Werwolf, mention is made of the hero seizing upon a person with whom he is engaged in fight, which circumstance is thus described:

William thant witli by the aventayle him hente,
To have with his swerd swapped of his heade.

P. 54.

We find that he laid hold of a particular part of the armour, such as most facilitated his cutting off the head of the enemy. This therefore must have been part of the helmet; and that part especially which was most prominent and liable to be seized upon; and this I take to have been the beaver. There were several sorts of helmets of different denominations; and I imagine that one of them was stiled *aventaile* or *adventaile,* from a moveable beaver, which was made to slide up and down. The name was given from its affording, when the beaver was up, an opening to the air for respiration; and seems to have been derived, not from *avant* but from *ad* and *ventus,* or *ventilo*; from whence was formed the French word *aventail.* Du Cange quotes from Rymers Fœd. an order Tom. 8. P. 384. Tredecim loricas, quinque *aventailles,* quadraginta arcus &c. The beaver of an helmet projected beyond the helm, and stood hollow; so that it gave an opportunity for a person to lay hold of it and to force the head of his enemy downward. From hence I am induced to think, that an adventail was properly that fore part of the helmet, the beaver, but which often gave name to the whole. When this beaver, was put up, it afforded an opening to breathe more freely, and to receive fresh

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikenesse nothynge could bee made.

air; which opening was from thence stiled a *ventail* from *ventilo*. When Æneas was healed of his wound by Iapis, and was returning compleatly armed to battle, he embraced his son who stood by his side, and kissed him; which is thus described by Gawin Douglas.

Ascaneus zoung tendirly the ilk place
With all his harnes belappit dyd embrace,
And thro his helmes *ventall* a lyttell we
Him kissit.

P. 425, l. 18.

It is expressed after the same manner in an ancient poem quoted by Mr. Warton. Hist. of Eng. Poetry. V. 1. p, 163.

Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,
With the lybardes painted wele.
And helme he had of ryche entayle,
Trusty and trewe was his ventayle.

From Hist. of Richard Cueur de Lyon.

There is a passage in the Interlude of Ælla, where the adventaile is mentioned in conjunction with the helmet.

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.

v. 469.

Ventale or ventall, *a vent hole and breathing part of a helmet:* a Fr. ventaille. Gloss. to Gawin Douglas.

Hence I imagine that the beaver and the helmet itself had the name of adventail and aventail from being constructed in such a manner as to afford occasionally such an opening.

As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

BOWKE, *body.* | ALLEYN, *alone.*
NETE, *nothing.* | SYKE, *so.*

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* BORNE, p. 62.

" By this word is signified a kind of gorget or breast plate expressed more commonly burn and byrn; from the byrna of the Saxons. Bypna, lorica. Sax Dict. In the laws of K. Athelstan mention is made of a person having a *burn* and helm. c. 72. In the laws also of K. Ina, a *burn* and sword are spoken of, c. 55. It was sometimes expressed *bryne* and *brynia*. Brynia, *lorica*, hringa brynia, *lorica annulis ferreis concatenata*. Olai Verelii. Lex Sueo-Goth. It is taken notice of by Du Cange as it is differently exhibited. Brunea, brunia, bronia, *lorica*. Gloss. Lat. Theotise. *thorax*, *militare ornamentum*, *lorica*. He also expresses it byrnan and byrn. Turnus is described in the Scotish version of the Æneis, as arming himself in the following manner.

He clethis him with his scheild and semysbald,
He claspis his gilt habirihone thrinfald,
He in his breistplait strang, and his *birnye*,
Ane souir swerd beltis law down by his the.

P. 230. l. 42.

Among the English it seems to have been called burn; and in the poem from whence I have quoted the passage, it appears to have denoted *militare ornamentum*, probably something like a Gorget; with which the Heralds presented the Knights at the same time that they gave them their helmets and spears.

I sonne of honnour, spencer of her joyes
Must sythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde,

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too longe
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie syghte.
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid, a Wyllyamm to entylte.

HERAWDE, *herald.*
HEMM, a contraction of *them.*

GUID, *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.
WYLLYAMM, *William Rufus.*

Wyth adventayle and borne. I meynte emploie,
Who without me would fall unto the ground.

So it should be stopt. After the Herald had mentioned that he was to present to the Knights what belonged to them, he magnifies his own office, and speaks of himself as the dispencer of all honour. *I*, says he, *employ many, who without me would sink to nothing.* In short he intimates, that all honours and badges of honour, come through the hands of the herald ; which seems to have been not at all understood by the transcriber.

Such I imagine, is the purport of the two words in question, *adventayle* and *borne*. By the former of these is meant, *an helmet with a sliding bever* ; by the other a kind of *cuirasss* or *gorget:* which two by the transcriber have been interpreted *armour* and *burnish.*"

Bryant.

This is the strongest argument that has been adduced for the authenticity of the poems. Chatterton translates *borne*, after Kersey, *burnished.* this makes the passage unintelligible. the real meaning of the word explains it.

To reine anente a fele emboydiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne renome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
Bie Heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle thus to wielde the speare.

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! swythenn mie shielde and tyltynge launce bee bounde.
Eftsoones beheste mie squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

Goeth oute.

REINE, *run.*
ANENTE, *against.*
FELE, *feeble.*
UNTHYLLE, *useless.*
SLUGGHORNE, *a kind of claryon.*
DYNN, *sound.*
SWYTHENN, *quickly.*
BOUNDE, *ready.*
EFTSOONES, *soon.*
BEHESTE, *command.*

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous acts woulde meinte of menne astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
Anenst alle menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.
As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke eche knyghte's hue.

The LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGTES, HERAWDE, MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS.

MEINTE, *most.*
SHAPPE, *fate, or doom.*
ANENST, *against.*
PYGHTE, *pitched, or bent down.*

YDRONKS, *drinks.*
DROCKE, *drink.*
SERVYTOURS, *servants, attendants.*

KYNGE.

The barganette; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,
Somme actyonn dyre of anntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure, botte Englondes thorne,
The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd knite,
Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne,*
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted denne,
Lett thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

BARGANETTE, *song or ballad.*
DELIEVRETIE, *activity.*
KNITE, *joined, knit.*
SNETT, *bent,*
ABORNE, *burnished.*

BEHESTEYNGE, *commanding.*
HOMMAGERES, *servants, homagers, vassals.*
HYLTED, *hidden.*
FLOES, *arrows.*

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* An unauthorised word, formed from Kersey's blunder.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies;
Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;
He ryseth battent, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne
bredrenn slea.

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees heerydes;
The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wynge;
The lordynge toad ynn all hys passes bides;
The berten neders att hymm darte the stynge;
Stylle, stylle, hee passes onn hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde.

TREED, *wooded, full of trees.*
ENYRONN'D, *worked with iron.*
PLIES, *bends.*
DYNNS, *sounds.*
BATTENT, *loudly.*
FORSLAGENN, *slain.*
MERKE, *dark, or gloom.*
FLEMED OWLETT, *frighted owl.*
EVE-SPECKTE, *marked with evening dew.*
LORDYNGE, *standing on their hind legs.*
BERTEN, *venomous.*
NEDERS, *adders.*

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn doth rayse hymselfe distraughte
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menne.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge thonder stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe sendes.
Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie.

SWELTRIE, *hot, sultry.*
DISTRAUGHTE, *distracted.*
HYLTREN, *hidden.*
FLOES, *arrows.*
PASSENT STEPPE, *walking leisurely.*
ROGHLYNGE, *rolling.*
TAKELLE, *arrow.*
COURACIERS, *horse coursers.*

Hee lepethe hie, hee stonds, hee kepes att baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones dothe die.
Forslagenn att thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Lette thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynges hys bowe alyne.*
The stagge ys ouch'd wythe crownes of lillieflowerrs.
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forslagenn wyth thie floe lett wylde beastes bee,
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn slee.

FORFLAGGEN, *slain.*
BOWE ALYNE, *across his shoulders.*
OUCH'D, *garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be* ouch'd, *from* ouch, *a chain worn by Earls round their necks.*
VERTE, *leaves and branches.*

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* Unauthorised and unintelligible.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie; who wylle fyrste affraie?

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie,

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette on mie gaberdyne.

TOURNEIE, *tournament.*
AFFRAIE, *fight, or encounter.*
YATTE, *that.*
CONTAKE, *dispute.*
GAUNTLETTE, *glove.*
GABERDYNE, *a piece of armour.*

HEREHAULDE.

A legefull challenge, knyghtes and champyonns
dygne,
A leegefull challenge lette the slugghorne sounde.
Syrr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte.*
Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.
Nevylle *falls.*
Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe
Before I doe departe the lissedd fielde,

LEEGEFULL, *lawful.*
DYGNE, *worthy.*
LOVERDES, *lords.*
DOUGHTILIE, *furiously.*
QUACEDD, *vanquished.*
ASSAYLE, *oppose.*
ANENTE, *against.*
MYCKLE, *much.*
SCETHE, *damage, mischief.*
LISSEDD, *bounded.*

Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hercupponn wyll blethe.
Mie shielde!

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe.
Theie tylte. Ferraris *falleth.*
Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe;
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.

BLETHE, *bleed.*
ETHE, *easy.*

SMETHE, *smoke.*
WOE, *hurt, or damage.*

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
Botte' gyff thou fyghteste mee thou shalt have mede;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende; I doe thee fie.
Lyche forreying levyn, schalle mie tylte-launce flie.

Berghamme *and* Clinton *tylte.* Clinton *fallethe.*

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd eyne.

AFFRAIE, *fight, or engage.*
MEDE, *reward.*
TENDE, *attend, or wait.*
FIE, *defy.*

FORREYING LEVYN, *destroying lightning.*
ATTOURE, *turn.*
BEEVEREDD, *beavered.*

I have borne downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne begynne, and wrynn thie shappe orr myne;
Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.
Bourtonne *and* Burghamm *tylteth.* Berghamme *falls.*

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee sett a syde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous
heie,
Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie,

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme

Efte, *again.*
Swythenne, *quickly.*
Wrynn, *declare.*
Shappe, *fate.*
Corteous, *worthy.*

Heie, *they.*
Beseies, *becomes*
Yeve, *give.*
Fraie, *fight.*

The rennome ynn thys Tourneie forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hymm fraie?

Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte;
and bee everichone overthrowne.

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff ónn all the fielde
Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld,

RENNOME, *honour, renown.*
TOURNEIE, *tournament.*
CRAVENTS, *cowards.*
BEWRYNNYNGE, *declaring.*
YEVE, *give.*

EVERICHONE, *every one.*
YCRASEDD, *broken, spilt.*
BESPRENTE, *scattered.*
PIERCEDD, *broken, or piereed through with darts.*

Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
stente,
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,
Thatt ynnwhatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall
fall
Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out speere,
There schalle aryse a hallie chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.
And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,
Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

STENTE, *stained.*
LOWES, *flames.*
YBRENTE, *burnt.*
VAL, *helm.*

ANETHE, *beneath.*
STAUGHT OUT, *stretched out.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
FAIFULLIE, *faithfully.*

Straungerr, bee bounc; I champyonn you to warre.
Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to be hearde fromm farre.

Bourtonne *and the* Straungerr *tylt*. Straunger *falleth*.

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.
Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;*
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments synge;
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente;
To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente;
Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte.

BOUNE, *ready.*
CHAMPYONN, *challenge.*
ACHMENTS, *atchievements, glorious actions.*
BESPRENTE, *broken spears.*
SHENTE, *broke, destroyed.*
ALLEINE, *only, alone.*

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* Advance our waving colours on the Walls!
Shakspere. Henry 6. Part 1.

Comme, mynstrelles, sound the strynge, goe onn eche syde,
Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde.

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quickenn'd gore,
Bendyngewythe spoiles, and bloddie droppyngehedde,
Dydd the merke wood of ethe and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
From hys vysage washedd the bloude,
Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd view,
Dydd soe ycorvenn everrie shape to joie,

SMETHYNGE, *smoaking, steaming.*
MERK, *dark, gloomy.*
HYLTE, *hid, secreted.*

SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*
YCORVENN, *mould.*

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delyghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,
Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,
Lyche the merk-plante doe entwyne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.

ENSHOTYNGE, *shooting, darting.*
HENTE, *grasp, hold.*
MERK-PLANTE, *night-shade.*
ONKNOWLACHYNGE, *ignorant, unknowing.*
YSPENDE, *consider.*

Bristowe Tragedie,

or the dethe of

Syr Charles Bawdin.

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, *with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.*

The person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, *the first year of Edward the fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder,* 1 *Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p.* 289, *says only*; " (1 *Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow.*" *But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in* 7 *Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. Rot. Pat.* 8 *Edw. IV. p.* 1. *m.* 13. *The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act* 1 *Edw. IV. goes on thus*: " *And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, Knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, Maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treesons, &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the* vth *day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highuess, &c.*" *If the*

commission sate soon after the v*th of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p.* 416.*) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's Church, which was then the minster, from* xx *March in the* 1 *Edward IV. to* 1 *April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.*

" *Item for washynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edward* 4*th is comynge.* } iiijd. ob.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

" Thou'rt ryghte," quod hee, " for, by the Godde
" That syttes enthron'd on hyghe !
" CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
" To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
" Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
" Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr CANTERLONE* thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe ;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

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* It appears by a M.S.S. (Rich *penes me*) that Henry 6, was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that K. Edward 4, had such a person as Sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem.

Barrett.

" O goode Syr CHARLES !" sayd CANTERLONE,
" Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
" Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,
" Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

" I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
" Does fromme the welkinn flye,
" Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
" Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

" Wee all must die," quod brave Syrr CHARLES;
" Of thatte I'm not affearde;
" Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
" Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd:

" Butt telle thye kynge, for mync hee's not,
" I'de sooner die to-daie
" Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
" Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynn reddyness
For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre request may bee,
"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
"Hee thoghte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
"CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
"BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde:

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
" And hee shalle have hys meede :
" Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thynge else
" Att present doe you neede ?"

" My nobile leige !" goode CANYNGE sayde,
" Leave justice to our Godde,
" And laye the yronne rule asyde ;
" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
" The best were synners grete ;
" CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
" Ynne alle thys mortall state.

" Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;
" From race to race thy familie
" Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

" But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" CANYNGE, awaie! thys traytour vile
" Has scorn'd my power and mee;
" Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
" Intreate my clemencye?

" Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize,
" Respect a brave and noble mynde,
" Altho' ynne enemies."

" CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
" That dydd mee beinge gyve,
" I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
" Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

" Bie MARIE, and alle Seinctes in Heav'n,
" Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
"Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
"Runns overr att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my most welcome doome
"That thou doste child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,
"Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
"And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
"'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines sprynge;
"Dethe I despise, and alle the power
"Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
"I shall resigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
"For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
" Thys was appointed mee;
" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
" Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
" Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
" That cutte the airie waie,
" Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
" And close myne eyes for aie?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
" Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
" Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
" Bee alle the manne display'd.

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
" And guarde thee and thye sonne,
" Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
" Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene
" To serve Godde and mye prynce;
" And thatt I no tyme-server am,
" My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
" Of parents of grete note;
" My fadre dydd a nobile armes
" Emblazon onne hys cote:

" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
" Where soone I hope to goe;
" Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
" From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
" Wyth pitie to unite;
" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
" To feede the hungrie poore,
" Ne lette my servants dryve awaie
" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,
" I shalle ne see thye dethe;
" Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
" Doe I resign my brethe.

" Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
" Whyle RICHARD's sonnes exalt themselves,
" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
" And godlie HENRIE's reigne,
" Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
" For those of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
" And mangled by a hynde,
" I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
" Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
" Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
" And ne ryche monument of brasse
" CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,
" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
" There wythe the servants of the Lorde
" Mie name shall lyve for aie.

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
" I leave thys mortall lyfe:
" Farewell, vayne world, and alle that's deare,
" Mie sonnes and lovynge wyfe;

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
" As e'er the moneth of Maie;
" Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
" Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, " 'Tys a goodlie thynge
" To bee prepar'd to die;
" And from thys world of peyne and grefe
" To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde

And just before the officers,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

" Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere,
" Ynne quiet lett mee die;
" Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
" Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet FLORENCE! why these brinie teeres?
"Theye washe my soule awaie,
"And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
"Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
"Untoe the lande of blysse;
"Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
"Receive thys holie kisse."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge!
"Mie herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,
"Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
"Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie:

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
" Truste thou ynne Godde above,
" And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
" And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

" Teache them to runne the nobile race
" Thatt I theyre fader runne:
" FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
" Yee officers, lead onne."

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
" Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde;

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route :.

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrells came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge ;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,
" O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
" Washe mie soule clean thys daie !"

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, EDWARDE! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedynges, murdre, bloude,
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
"And hast appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
"I have beene dede 'till nowe,
"And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge EDWARDE's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

" To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
" Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
" Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
" Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

" Soe lett hym die!" Duke RICHARD sayde;
" And maye echone oure foes
" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
"For servynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As long as EDWARDE rules thys land,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
"Youre sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,
"And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
"Whenne ynne adversitye;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
"And for the true cause dye."

Then hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke;

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle ;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate :
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge !

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Fulle well I wote so fine a syghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the Towne,

Wote, *know.* ‖ Knowlachynge, *knowledge.*

Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

Roun, *run.*

ON THE SAME.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie."

Stay, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande,

FETIVE, *elegant.*
ASTOUNDE, *astonish.*
ENTREMED, *intermixed.*
DISPONED, *disposed.*
FYRE-LEVYN, *lightning.*
MOKIE, *gloomy.*

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye tell,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

DISPANDE, *expanded.*
PAYRDE, *compared.*
LAZING, *inactive.*

ON THE

DEDICATION

OF

OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.

This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parlyamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.

Soone as bryght sonne alonge the skyne,
Han sente hys ruddie lyghte;
And fayryes hyd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,
The mattyn belle wyth shryllie sounde,
Reeckode throwe the ayre;
A troop of holie freeres dyd,
For Jesus masse prepare.
Arounde the highe unsaynted chyrche,
Wythe holie relyques wente;

And every door and poste aboute
Wythe godlie thynges besprent.
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreste,
And mytred holylie;
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse,
Wyth rosarie dyd hie.
Before hym wente a throng of freeres
Who dyd the masse songe synge,
Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,
Tryckd lyke a barbed kynge,
And then a rowe of holie freeres
Who dyd the mass songe sound;
The procurators and chyrche reeves
Next prest upon the ground,
And when unto the chyrche theye came
A holie masse was sange,
So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce,
The heven so hie it range.
Then Carpenter dyd puryfie
The chyrche to Godde for aie,
Wythe holie masses and good psalmes
Whyche hee dyd thereyn saie.

Then was a sermon preeched soon
  Bie Carpynterre holie,
And after that another one
  Ypreechen was bie mee:
Thenn alle dyd goe to Canynges house
  An Enterlude to playe,
And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode
  And praie for him for aie.

ON THE MYNSTER.

This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt: he dyed yn M.C.C.XV. *beynge buryed in his albe in the mynster."*

With daitive steppe religyon dyghte in greie,
Her face of doleful hue,
Swyfte as a takel thro'we bryghte heav'n tooke herwaie,
And ofte and cre anon dyd saie
"Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
"See Brystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
Arysynge to mie view,

DAITIVE, perhaps *haitive*, or *haiftiff*, *hasty*, from the French *haity*, *hasty*. ‖ TAKEL, *arrow*.

"Thycke throng'd wythe soldyers and wythe traffyck-
menne;
"Butte saynctes I seen few."
Fytz-Hardynge rose!—he rose lyke bryghte sonne in
the morne,
"Faire dame adryne thein eyne,
"Let alle thie greefe bee myne,
For I wylle rere thee uppe a Mynster hie;
"The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie;
"And wylle a monke be shorne;"
Thenne dyd the dame replie,
"I shall ne be forelourne;
"Here wyll I take a cherysaunied reste,
"And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges breste."

ON HAPPIENESSE.

By WILLIAM CANYNGE.

This, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.

Maie Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found?
Wote yee, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,

SELYNESSE, *happiness.*
ADYGHTE, *clothed.*
BESTADDE, *fixed.*
ERACED, *banished, erased.*
SCAUNCE-LAYD, *uneven.*
AGROSED, *frighted.*
IWREENE, *displayed.*

And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

Dolx, *grievous.*

Onn JOHNE A DALBENIE,

BY THE SAME.

Johne makes a jarre boute Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

The GOULER'S REQUIEM.

BY THE SAME.

Mie boolie entes adieu ! ne moe the syghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the sylver noble sheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;
Ne moe, ne moe, alass ! I call you myne :
Whydder must you, ah ! whydder must I goe ?
I kenn not either ; oh mie enmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe ;
I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle ;
O storthe unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle.

Boolie, *beloved.*
Entes, *purses.*
Whydder, *whither.*

Emmers, *coined money.*
Storthe, *death.*

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,
A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:
Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
For thee, I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe.

DYGHTE, *dress.*
AFLEME, *affright.*
YCRASE, *violate.*

BREME, *violence.*
QUEDE, *devil.*

EPITAPH on ROBERT CANYNGE.

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barratt, as part of his original MSS.

Thys mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde from hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,
He'll wynge to heaven with kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.

MOLTRYNGE, *mouldering.*
HOUTON, *hollow.*
SOLLE, *soul.*
DOLLE, *portion.*

The STORIE of WILLIAM CANYNGE.

The first 34 *lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of Painters, Carvellers, Poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.*

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, *who was lord mayor of London in* 1456, *is called Thomas, by Stowe, in his List of Mayors, &c.*

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter on 19 *September,* 1467, *and received the higher orders of Subdeacon, Deacon, and Priest, on the* 12*th of March,* 1467, *O. S. the* 2*d and* 16*th of April,* 1468, *respectively.*

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Anent a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped,
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head ;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

ANENT, *opposite*,
MEES, *meadows*.
RESPONS'D, *answered*.
MOTTRING, *murmuring*.
AMENGED, *mingled*.
WRAYTES, *wreaths*,
AGESTED, *heaped up*.
SEMBLAMENTE, *appearance*.
BLATAUNT, *noisy*.
CLEPDE, *named*.
FLEMIE, *frighted*.
EYNEGEARS, *objects*.
SWYTHYN, *quickly*.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
Inn erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*
DOTE, *dressed.*
BRACE, *suit of armour.*
DRENTED, *drenched.*
MERE, *lake.*
DISPONE, *dispose.*
MERKE, *darkness.*
YWRYNDE, *covered.*

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked shee was and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne shoulde see dyd swotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white-
tyde.

FAYTOUR, *deceiving.*
DEQUAC'D, *dashed.*
BROWDED, *embroidered.*
PYKES, *picked shoes.*
PARAMENTS, *robes of state.*
WODEN, *dyed with woad.*
BEWTIE, *beauty.*
BEWRYEN, *declare.*
ETHIE, *easy.*
SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*
BODYKIN, *body.*
FOWLYNG, *defiling.*

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whyche mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte:
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete;*
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

CUARR, *quarry.*
SCAUNCING, *looking obliquely.*
FORGARDE, *lost.*
REYN, *run.*
FORSTRAUGHTE, *confounded*
EWBRYCIOUS, *adultrous.*
ABREWE, *excite, brew.*
HETE, *promise.*
CROUCHEE, *crucifix.*
ANETE, *annihilate.*

* Unauthorised. Dean Miller says it is the old English word *nete* or *nought*, with the prefix; to which corresponds the old French verb *aneantised* (annihilated) used by Chaucer. But there is no proof, that the word *nete* has ever been used as a verb, even if it exists.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste ;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste :
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee sayd ; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere,
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

SEMBLATE, *appearance.*
YWREENE, *display.*
MYNDBRUCH, *a hurting of honour and worship.* Kersey.
HEAVENWERE, *towards heaven.*
GOULERS, *usurers.*
ADAWE, *awaken.*
LORE, *learning.*
CARVELLERS, *carvers, sculptors.*
TROULIE, *true, truly.*

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

BORDELIER, *cottager.*
ETHIE, *eaty.*
MAYNT, *many.*
DEFT, *neat, cleanly.*
EFTSOONS, *quickly, immediately.*
IMMENGDE, *mingled.*
FLANCHED, *arched.*
SHEPEN, *innocent, simple*
PERPLED, *scattered.*
WASTLE CAKE, *cake of the whitest bread.*

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

DULCE, *soft.*
GRE, *grow.*
THYGHTE, *connected.*
ENHEDEYNGE, *being careful.*
MOCKLER, *stronger, greater.*
YINGE, *young.*
CHEESE, *chuse.*
GEVENE, *given.*
SEMELIKEEDE, *countenance.*
CHARIE, *dear.*
WISSEN, *wish.*
CHOP, *exchange.*

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyre content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tourned to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,
And sleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts prym

BIGHES, *jewels.*
ENT, *purse.*
ADYGNE, *creditable.*
SENDAUMENT, *appearance.*
COMMILIE, *decent, comely.*
WIDDER, *wither.*

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis paste to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde fayn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I sawe what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

BISMARDE, *astonished.*
FETYVE, *elegant.*
MYNDBRUCH, *wounded honour.*
MENICED, *menaced.*

HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.

From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

Yynge Heraudyn al bie the grene Wode sate,
Hereynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue,
Seeinge the kenspecked amaylde flourettes nete,
Envyngynge to the Birds hys Love songe true.
Syrre Preeste camme bie ande forthe hys bede-rolle drewe,
Fyve Aves ande on Pater moste be sedde;
Twayne songe, the on hys songe of Willowe Rue
The odher one———

CHELANDRIE, *goldfinch.*
OUE, *ouzel-blackbird.*
ENVYNGYNGE, *sending.*
KENSPEKED, *marked.*
AMAYLDE, *enamelled.*

FRAGMENT,

BY

JOHN, second ABBATTE of SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowleie's Historie of Peyncters. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, *and sat in the dies* 29 *years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard* 1st."

Harte of lyone! shake thie sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge steinede honde;
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers-browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thonderynge armes
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.

Harte of lyon ! Sound the beme !
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes.

WARRE.

BY THE SAME.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. Chatterton says, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley, whose works when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.*

Of warres glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie,
Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps the lyne,
Whylste hoare experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Stondeth and woe bements; the trecklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doethe shewe,
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.

* *None of Rowley's pieces were ever made public, being till the year 1631 shut up in an iron chest in Redcliff church.*

GLUMM, *gloomy.*

POYNCTELLE, *pen.*
SKEMPS, *marks.*
FORWYNED, *blasted, burnt.*
BEMENTS, *laments.*

Saie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evrich syde,
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle;
Whanne smetheynge sange dyd flowe lyke to a tyde,
And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,
Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise,
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd shote
theyre eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribibble kenne,
Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the spere:
In ugsommnesse ware moste bee dyghte toe menne,
Unseliness attendethe honourewere;
Quaffe your swote vernage and atreeted beere.

GLOWSTER, *earl or consul of Glocester.*
BESPRENGED, *scattered.*
SMETHEYNGE, *smoking.*
SANGE, *blood.*
SHEPSTER, *shepherd.*
RIBIBBLE, *a fiddle.*
THYGHTE, *compact, orderly, tight.*
UGSOMMNESSE, *terror.*
UNSELINESS, *unhappiness.*
HOUNOUREWERE, *the place or residence of honour.*
SWOTE, *sweet.*
VERNAGE, *vintage, wine cyder.*
ATREETED, *extracted from corn.*

A CHRONYCALLE of BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE

RAUFE CHEDDER. CHAPPMANNE. 1356.

From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

Ynne whilomme daies as Stowe saies
  Ynne famous Brystowe towne
Dhere lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes
  Of marvellous renowne.
A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
  For Dethe and dernie dede
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne
  Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
  And yev hymme rennome grate,
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire
  Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.

A mansion hie, made bosmorelie
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Mercyann menne
As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arase.
One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a Lorde of hie accorde
Was ynne the strete nempte brede;
Soe greate hys Myghte soe strynge yn fyghte
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupous digne of gentle Lyne
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne
Botte Reittes and roshes laie.
Than Radclyve Strete of Mansyonnes meete
In semelie gare doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre estate
Bryngeth to Tradynge Londe.

Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngddomme
Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne
As Abbattes doe blasynne.
Roberte the Erle, ne conkered curll
Inne Castle stede dyd fraie
Yynge Henrie to ynn Brystowe true
As Hydelle dyd obaie.
A Maioure dheene bee ande Jamne hee
Botte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

The FREERE of ORDERYS WHYTE.

From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. There is also the beginning of a poem called the Freere of Orderys Black, which is unfit for publication.

There was a Broder of Orderys Whyte
Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria,
The nounes al slepeynge yn the Dortoure
Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freerers the Flowre
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well
And songe with hem too the sothen to tell
Ave Maria, &c.
But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynge
That ever dheye oderwyse dyd synge
Than Ave Maria, &c.

This Broder was called evrich wheere
To Kenshamm and to Bristol Nonnere
Ave Maria, &c.
Botte seyynge of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe
Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe
Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows
And hontend everych Knyghtys House
With Ave Maria, &c.
And beynge ance moe in gode lyken
He songe to the Nones and was poren agen
With Ave Maria, &c.

DIALOGUE

Between MASTER PHILPOT and WALWORTH COCKNEIES.

From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley. It contains, says the Dean, a variety of evidence, tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages, is a stile used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rime, (p. 226. vol. 2d. Venice 1741) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus:

"Namque locutus sum in linguâ trinâ."

Skelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, shew it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, Sir William Walworth and Sir John Philpot; men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the controul and management of these two citizens. (Walsingham, p. 200. Rapin, vol. i. p. 454 and 458.)

PHILPOT.

God ye God den,* my good naighbour, howe d'ye ayle?
How does your wyfe, man! what never assole?
Cum rectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

WALWORTH.

Ah, Mastre Phyllepot, evil tongues do saie,
That my wyfe will lyen down to daie:
Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

---

* This salutation, which should be written *God ye good Den*, is more than once used by Shakespear:

In Love's Labour Lost, the clown says,

God dig you den all. Act iv. Sc. 1.

That is to say, *God give you a good evening*; for *dig* is undoubtedly a mistake for *give*.

So in the Dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc. 5. the former says,

God ye good morrow gentlemen;

to which the latter replies,

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman,

And in the Exmoor Courtship,

Good den, good den;

which the Glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of *a good evening*; and Mr. Steevens observes on the passage in Love's Labour Lost, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the Northern Lass, by R. Brome, 1633, for the following phrase:

God you good even.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.
But I pity you nayghbour, is it so?

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.
Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay;
But oft with cityzens it is the case;
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.

The Merrie TRICKS of LAMYNGETOWNE.

By Maystre JOHN A ISCAM.

From Dean Milles's Edition.

I.

A rygourous doome is myne, upon mie faie :
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome sonne,
Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,
To other reaulmes must Laymingtonne be gonne,
Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunne ;
And shall I hearken to a cowarts reede,
And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne ?
No ! flie all thoughtes of runynge to the Queed ;
No ! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneies see,
That Laymyntone the brave, will Laymyngetowne
still be.

Queed, *devil.*

II.

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my swerde unto my syde;
I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,
But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde;
With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,
Theire goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde.
My bark the laverd of the waters ryde,
Her sayles of scarlette and her stere of golde;
My men the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all their three.

III.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chace,
That through the lessel hunt the burled boare,
Tell them how standes with me the present case,
And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,

SABATANS, *boots.*
LAVERD, *lord.*
LESSEL, *bushes.*
BURLED, *armed.*

And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more;
Let every auntrous knyghte his armour brase,
Their meats be mans fleshe, and theyre beverage gore,
Hancele, or Hanceled, from the human race;
Bid them, like mee theyre leeder, shape theyre mynde
To be a bloudie foe in armes, gaynst all mankynde.

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.

Ralph goes out.

III.

LAMYNGETOWNE.

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs! your god is gayne.
When in your towne I spent my greete estate,
What crowdes of citts came flockynge to my traine,
What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,
My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate;
But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,
I stoode in warde ye laughed at mie fate,
Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte;
But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,
I've got experience now, altho I bought it weele.

SAUNT, *saunter.*
AUNTROUS, *adventurous.*
HANCELE, *cut off.*
CURRIEDOWES, *flatterers.*

IV.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,
That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise;
I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,
Will profitte by youre lessons and bee wise;
Make you give back the harvest of youre lies;
From deep fraught barques I'le take the mysers soul,
Make all the wealthe of every * my prize,
And cheating Londons pryde to Dygner Bristowe rolle.

* The word *one*, or *man*, must be here supplied, in order to complete the sense and the verse.

SONGE

OF

SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.

From Dean Milles's Edition. According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol was compleated in 1247.

Whann Norrurs and hys menne of myghte,
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte,
Forslagenn manie warriours laie,
And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie.
Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,
And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode
Embolled hie the runnynge floude.

NORRURS, *King of Norway.* ‖ EMBOLLED, *swelled.*

Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,
And all hys arms were *gutte de sangue.*
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign warriors ranne awaie,
Erle Baldwynus regardedd well,
How manie menn forslaggen fell;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thanked Godd for victorye;
Thenne threw hys anlace ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

GUTTE DE SANGUE, *drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.*

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GUTTE DE SANGUE, *drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.*

SONGE

OF

SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

From Dean Milles's Edition.

I.

Whanne Kynge Kynghill ynn hys honde
Helde the sceptre of thys londe,
Sheenynge starre of Chrystes lyghte,
The merkie mysts of pagann nyghte
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
Doffed hys honnores and fyne clothes;
Preechynge hys Lorde Jesus name,
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
Whare blaeke Severn rolls hys tyde.

KYNGE KYNGHILL, *King Coenwulf.* || BLAEKE, *yellow.*
MERKIE, *dark.*

II.

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde
Overr the waterrs lyke a Godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Wytnesse to the myrracle;
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,
Moe than gueste bie mortalle thoughte,
Orr thann mortall tonge can tell.

III.

Thenn the foulke a brydge dydd make
Overr the streme untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of the tyde;
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie:
Then Erle Leof he bespedde
Thys grete ryverr fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to runne,
T'was in trothe ann ancyante onne,
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

Hecke, *height.*
Erle Leof, *Earl Leofwin.*
Bespedde, *dispatched, turned away.*

IV.

Now agayne, wythe bremie force,
Severn ynn hys aynciant course
Rolls hys rappyd streeme alonge,
With a sable swifte and stronge,
Moreying manie ann okie wood:
Wee the menne of Brystowe towne
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,
Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be past,
Standynge where the other stoode.

BREMIE, *furious, violent.*
SABLE, *sand.*
MOREYING, *rooting up, so explained in the glossary to Robert Gloucester — Mored, i. e. digged, grubbed. The roots of trees are still called Mores in Devonshire.*

SANCTE WARBUR.

From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Chirch. 1769.

In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celes, as the Bardyes synge,
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,

Celes, most probably from the ancient word *Ceolis*; which, in the Saxon, is *ships*. From whence *Ceole*, we find in Brompton, are used for large ships.

The WORLDE.

From Barrett's History of Bristol.

FADRE, SONNE, and MYNSTRELLES.

FADRE.

To the worlde newe and ytts bestoykenynge waie
Thys coistrelle sonne of myne ys all mie care,
Yee mynstrelles warne hymme how wyth rede he straie
Where guylded vyce dothe spredde hys mascill'd snare,
To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde,
And couronnes of rudde goulde ne glorie rounde hys hedde.

FIRST MYNSTREL.

Mie name is Intereste, tis I
Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,

Eche one hylten secret's myne,
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,
Intereste wyll rule the roaste.
I to everichone gyve lawes,
Selfe ys fyrst yn everich cause.

SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholi,
Love somme behyghte mie name,
Some doe anemp me follie;
Inne sprytes of meltynge molde
I sette mie burneynge sele;
To mee a goulers goulde
Doeth nete a pyne avele;
I pre upon the helthe,
And from gode redeynge flee,
The manne who woulde gette wealthe
Muste never thynke of mee.

THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the Queede of Pryde, mie spyrynge heade

Mote reche the cloudes and stylle be rysynge hie,
Too lyttle is the earthe to bee mie bedde,
Too hannow for mie breetheynge place the skie;
Daynous I see the worlde bineth me lie
Botte to mie betterres, I soe lyttle gree,
Aneuthe a shadow of a shade I bee,
Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multyplie.

FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the Queed of goulers; look arounde
The ayrs aboute mee thieves doe represente,
Bloudsteyned robbers spryng from oute thegrounde,
And airie vysyons swarme around mie ente;
O save mie monies, ytte ys theyre entente
To nymme the redde Godde of mie fremded sprighte,
Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte!

FIFTH MYNSTREL.

Vice bee I hyghte onne golde fulle ofte I ryde,
Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;
Mie ugsomness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,
Laieynge mie lovers ynne a sylkenne dreme;

Botte whan mie untrue pleasaunce have byn tryde,
Thanne doe I showe alle horrownesse and row,
And those I have ynne nette woulde feyne mie grype
eschew.

SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte,
Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe blame,
Botte moste ryche goulerres from mee take a flyghte;
Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,
Doethe mie ghastness mockle multyplye
And maketh hem afrayde to lyve or die.

FADRE.

Howe villeyn Mynstrelles, and is this your rede,
Awaie: Awaie: I wyll ne geve a curse,
Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speeche take hede,
Nothynge ys goode thatte bryngeth not to purse.

One CANTO of an ANCIENT POEM,

CALLED

The UNKNOWN KNIGHT or the TOURNAMENT.

From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "He offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The Author unknown." 1769.

The Matten belle han sounded long,
The Cocks han sang their morning songe,
When lo! the tuneful Clarions sound,
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)
Did echo to the rooms around,
And greet the ears of Champyons stronge;
Arise, arise from downie bedde
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!

Then each did don in seemlie gear,
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice echon;
With manie a tassild spear;
And mounted echeone on a steed
Unwote made Ladies hearts to blede.

Heraulds eche side the Clarions wound,
The Horses started at the sound;
The Knyghtes echeone did poynt the launce,
And to the combattes did advance;
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce;
Thyre prancyng horses tare the ground;
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,
The first to exercise their myghte—

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;
From West Hybernee Isle he came,

His myghte depictur'd in his*name.
All dreded such an one to meet;
Bold as a mountain wolf he stood,
Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude.

But when he threwe downe his Asenglave,
Next came in Syr Botelier bold and brave,
The dethe of manie a Saraceen;
Theie thought him a Devil from Hells black den,
Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee he render'd his thanks
Descended from Godred the King of the Manks.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
Their launces with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there:

* Probably alluding to the word Rock.

So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

Syr Botelier Rumsie first came from his traunce,
And from the Marshall toke the launce;
O'Rocke eke chose another speere,
And ran at Syr Botelier full career;
His prancynge stede the ground did tare;
In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain
Fellde him down upon the playne.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the Clarions sound,
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings around,
He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,
And ferslie ranne up in full career;
But for his appearance he payed full deare,
In the first course laid on the ground;
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayne,
Rode Conqueror off the tourneying playne;
Receivying a garland from *Alice's* hand,
The fayrest Ladye in the lande.
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,
Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,
As some tall oak within the thick wode.

Awhile the shrill Clarions sounded the word;
Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh Lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did bryng,
In checkee of redde and silver sheeninge,
With steede and gold trappings beseeming a King,
A guilded fine Adder twyned round hie swerde.
De Bretville advanced, a man of great myghte
And couched his launce in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,
Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,
De Bretville fell upon the grouud,

The bloude from inward bruisèd wound,
Did out his stained helmet flowe;
As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
So laie De Bretville on the plain.

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,
Advanced next in lists of fyght,
He knew the tricks of tourneyinge full well,
In running race ne manne culd him excell,
Or how to wielde a sworde better tel,
And eke he was a manne of might:
On a black Stede with silver trappynges dyght
He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
So furiously ech other met,
That Compton's well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wound his hand in furious geir;
Syr Johns stele Assenglave was wette:
Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.

The tenders of the feelde came in,
And bade the Champyons not begyn;
Eche tourney but one hour should last,
And then one hour was gone and past.

The ROMAUNTE of the CNYGHTE.

By JOHN DE BERGHAM.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr. Cottle.

The Sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fenne
The Quenis Ermyne arised fro Bedde;
Syr Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede
Ne Rouncie ne Drybblette of make

ROMAUNTE, *Romance.*
CNYGHTE, *Knight.*
ONSPRYNGEDE, *faded, fallen.*
WODDIE, *woody.*
BLAUNCHED, *whitened.*
ROUNCIE, *a cart horse, or one put to menial services.*
DRYBBLETTE, *small, little.*

Thanne asterte for dur'sie dede
Wythe Morglaie hys Fooemenne to make blede
Eke swythyn as wynde. Trees. theyre Hartys to shake
Al doune in a Delle a merke dernie Delle
Wheere Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,
There dyd hee perchaunce Isee
A Damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne
An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stonde
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,
Discorteous Cnyghte, I doe praie nowe thou telle
Whirst doeste thou bee so to thee Damselle.
The Knyghte hym assoled eftsoones,
Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The Knyghte sed I proove on thie Gaberdyne
Alyche Boars enchafed to fyghte heie flies.

ASTERTE, *passed, or went forth.*
DUR'SIE, *from duress, hardship, signifying hardy.*
MORGLAIE, *a fatal sword,*
FOOEMENNE, *foes.*
EKE, *also.*
SWYTHYN, *quickly.*
MERKE, *dark.*
DERNIE, *gloomy, solitary.*
PERCHAUNCE, *by chance.*
ASSOLED, *answered.* Used by Rowley in the same sense.
EFTSOONES, *quickly, presently.*
GABERDYNE, *a manner of challenging.* So in Rowley's Tournament,
"Thanne theeres my Gauntelette on thie Gaberdyne."
ALYCHE, *like.*
ENCHAFED, *heated, furious, vexed.*

The Discoorteous Knyghte bee strynge botte strynger
the righte,
The dynne bee herde a'myle for fuire in the fyghte
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the Knyghte, now comme thou
wi me,
Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne fere,
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heavenwere.

STRYNGE, *strong.*
DYNNE, *sound, noise.*
FUIRE, *fury.*

WOTTE, *know.*
HEAVENWERE, *to God.*

The ROMANCE of the KNIGHT.

MODERNISED

By THOMAS CHATTERTON.

From a MS. of Chatterton's in the possession of Mr. Cottle.

The pleasing Sweets of Spring and Summer past,
The falling Leaf flies in the sultry blast,
The Fields resign their spangling Orbs of Gold,
The wrinkled Grass its Silver Joys unfold
Mantling the spreading Moor in Heavenly white,
Meeting from every Hill the ravish'd sight.
The yellow Flag uprears its spotted Head,
Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed:
The worthy Knight ascends his foaming Steed,
Of Size uncommon, and no common Breed.

His Sword of giant make hangs from his Belt,
Whose piercing Edge his daring Foes had felt.
To seek for Glory and Renown he goes
To scatter Death among his trembling Foes;
Unnerv'd by fear they trembled at his stroke;
So cutting Blasts shake the tall mountain Oak.

Down in a dark and solitary Vale
Where the curst Screech-Owl sings her fatal tale,
Where Copse and Brambles interwoven lie,
Where Trees intwining arch the azure Sky,
Thither the fate-mark'd Champion bent his way,
By purling Streams to lose the heat of Day:
A sudden Cry assaults his list'ning Ear,
His Soul's too noble to admit of fear.—
The Cry re-cchoes: with his bounding Steed
He gropes the Way from whence the Cries proceed.
The arching Trees above obscur'd the light,
Here 'twas all Evening, there Eternal Night.

And now the rustling Leaves and strengthened Cry
Bespeaks the Cause of the Confusion nigh;
Thro' the thick Brake the astonish'd Champion sees
A weeping Damsel bending on her knees;

A ruffian Knyght would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.
(Women and Cats, if you Compulsion use
The pleasure which they die for, will refuse,)
The Champion thus: Desist discourteous Knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy mighte.
With Eye contemptuous thus the Knight replies,
Begone! whoever dares my Fury dies.
Down to the Ground the Champion's Gauntlet flew,
I dare thy Fury, and I'll prove it too.

Like two fierce Mountain Boars enraged they fly,
The prancing Steeds make Echo rend the Sky,
Like a fierce Tempest is the bloody Fight,
Dead from his lofty Steed falls the proud Ruffian Knight.
The Victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the Dame,
I will convey you hence to whence you came.
With Look of Gratitude the Fair reply'd
Content: I in your Virtue may confide.
But, said the Fair, as mournful she survey'd
The breathless Corse upon the Meadow laid,
May all thy Sins from Heaven forgiveness find!
May not, thy body's crimes, affect thy mind!

To JOHNE LADGATE.

(Sent with the following Songe to Ælla.)

This and the two following Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing.

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes
be soe,
Thatt thou and I a bowtynge matche muste have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne John Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,

SYTHE, *since.* ‖ ALL-A-BOONE, *favor.*

Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to
fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse
more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE to ÆLLA,

'LORDE of the CASTEL of BRYSTOWE

YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth best,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

BEESPRENGEDD, *sprinkled.*
MEES, *meadows.*
DRAWNE, *q. driven.*

ANLACE, *sword.*
QUENT, *strange.*

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

HATCHEDD, *covered with atchievements.*
AMENGED, *among.*
ARDUROUS, *burning.*
ENSYRKE, *encircle.*

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES

WERE COMPOSED BY

JOHN LADGATE,

A PRIEST IN LONDON,

And sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding Songe of Ælla.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyon redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dyd,
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

ELOCATION, *elocution.* ‖ MOKIE, *dark, gloomy.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of this and the two preceding Poems, supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett

from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

Verses to Ladgate.

In the title, for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate.*

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*

3. for *bee*, r. *goe.*

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte.*

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum M S. was simply "*Songe toe Ælla,*" with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following wordes—"*Lord of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.*" It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver 6. for *brastynge*, r. *burstynge.*

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlie.*

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore.*

Ladgate's Answer.

No title in the Vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varses* r. *pene.*

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes.*

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge.*

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Ladgate.*

Orig. *Lydgate.* — Chat. *Ladgate.*

ver. 3. Orig. *goe.* — Chat. *doe.*

7. Orig. *wryte.* — Chat. *fyghte.*

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane.* — Chat. *Dacya's.*

Orig. *whose lockes.* — Chat. *whose hayres.*

11. Orig. *burlie.* — Chat. *bronded.*

22. Orig. *kennest.* — Chat. *hearst.*

23. Orig. *honore.* — Chat. *dysmall.*

26. Orig. *Ypraucynge* — Chat. *Ifrayning.*

30. Orig. *gloue.* — Chat. *glare.*

ÆLLA,

a

Tragycal Enterlude,

or

Discoorseynge Tragedie,

wrotenn by

THOMAS ROWLEJE;

plaiedd before

Mastre Canynge,

Atte hys Howse nempte the Rodde Lodge:

Alsoe before the Duke of Norfolck,

Johan Howard.

This Poem, with the Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, " Chatterton's transcript, 1769." *The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.*

EPISTLE to MASTRE CANYNGE

On ÆLLA.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted tyltynge speares to please the syght,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke dere,
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

HYLT, *hid, concealed.*
LEGE, *law.*
PEYNCTED, *painted.*
FELLE, *bad, pernicious.*
MOKE, *much.*
DERE, *hurt, damage.*
LEE, *lay, song.*
DEFTLIE, *sweetly, agreeably, skilfully.*

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel scathe.

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,
Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.

GARE, *cause.*
EFTE, *oft.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
RIBAUDES, *rake, lewd person.*
LITHIE, *humble, rather insinuating.*
NEDERE, *adder.*
SCATHE, *hurt, damage.*
LORE, *learning.*
KENNS, *knows.*
PYGHTETHE, *plucks or tortures.*
KNOWLACHYNGE, *knowledge.*

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as good yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.
Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adrames;*
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe.

REQUIEM, *a service used over the dead.*
HYNDE, *peasant.*
GUYFTS, *gifts.*
UNLORED, *unlearned.*
LOUGHE, *laugh.*
DYNNETH, *sounds.*
DOLTE, *foolish.*
ADRAMES, *churls,*
LAUDES, *praises.*
KENNES, *knows.*

* Unauthorised. There is however the adjective ADRAMING, *churlish.*

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water
brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, behynde hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelye he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
*Waytes monthes on nothynge, and hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere
begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte of faultes, be
less.

YAPED, *laughable.*
FAGE, *tale, jest.*
BEYINDE, *beyond.*
GROFFYNGFLYE, *foolishly,*
COTTEYNGE, *cutting.*
GYF, *if.*
MEYNTE, *many.*

* Perhaps *waystes.*

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be
untrue.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

HALLIE, *holy.*
DROORIE, *strange perversion of words.* **droorie in its ancient signification stood for modesty.*

ANERE, *another.* This word which occurs again Æ. 15. is asserted by Tyrwhitt to be unauthorized.

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* This is an error of Chatterton.

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne;
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer

A lettyr that hym send a lady
That he luffyt *per drouery*.
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a good batchiller.
The awenturs castell off Dowglas
That to kep sa peralous was,
Than mycht he weill ask a lady
Hyr amours and hyr *drouery*.

The Bruce. B. 8. 488.

Mr. Pinkerton adds *per drouery* is *not in a way of marriage:* the term is old French.

LETTER

TO THE

Dygne MASTRE CANYNGE.

Straunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste ytts powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie pyckeup wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate,
Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate.

DYGNE, *worthy.*
NETE, *nought.*
PYNANT, *languid, insipid.*
HEIE, *they.*
WOLSOME, *noxious, loathsome.*
REGRATE, *esteem.*
HEREHAUGHTRIE, *heraldry.*

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grandsieres bore,
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, and toune folck, lett syke thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure;
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe †hede.

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys* hedde to styrre hys rede aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute;

EMARSCHALLED, *blazoned.*
SYKE, *such.*
AURE, *or, in heraldry.*
NILLYNGE, *unwilling.*
MYCKLE, *much.*
ASCAUNSE, *obliquely.*
REDE, *wisdom.*
ASKAUNTED, *glanced.*

† Probably *nede.*

* Sidrophel in Hudibras.

Who having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Eke, gyf ynto a vew percase I tooke
The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelie
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie;
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte alyse,*
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;
Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy dryve ynn dolefull course.

Canynge and I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;

EKE, *also.*
GIF, *if.*
PERCASE, *perchance.*
HEM, *them.*
GRAIEBARBES, *greybeards.*
BYSMARELIE, *curiously.*
AMENUSED, *lessened.*
DRYBBLETTE, *small.*
YATTE, *that.*
ALYSE, *allow.*
ROUNCY, *cart horse.*
YEV, *give.*

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* This word is loosely made from the Saxon verb ALYSAN, to *loosen*, to set free.

Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes bepente,
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures besprente,
We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewryen,
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

CRASED, *broken.*
MOLTRYNGE, *musty, moldering,*
ISHAD, *broken.*
BESPRENTE, *scattered.*
FETYVELIE, *elegantly.*
BEWRYEN, *declared, expressed, displayed.*
KEPPENED, *studied.*
POYNTELLE, *a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius.*
ONLIST, *boundless.*
LECTURN, *subject.*
ADYGNE, *nervous, worthy of praise.*

The thynge ytte moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Hee wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

WORDIE, *worthy*.
WYSCHE, *wishes*.
SELINESSE, *happiness*.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

Somme cherisaunei tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond, canne kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

Cherisaunei, *comfort.*
Chevyced, *preserved, redeemed.*
Bayne, *ruin.*
Ynhyme, *inter, inhume.*
Steyne, *fault, stain, blot.*
Her, *their.*
Fetyve, *neat, comely.*
Baubels, *jewels.*
Geasonne, *rare.*
Thys Castell, *Bristol Castle.*
Seel'd, *closed.*
Clergyond, *taught.*

ÆLLA.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie THOMAS ROWLEIE, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
CELMONDE, JOHAN ISCAMM, Preeste.
HURRA, SYRR THYBBOTTE GORGES, Knyghte.
BIRTHA, Mastre EDWARDE CANYNGE.

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,
Mee, happeless me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne mys-
chaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?

DYCHTE, *cloathed.* || GITES, *robes, mantles.*

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?*
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne made redde,
Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe ywreene,
Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage spreedde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste parte.

POYNTELLE, *a pen.*
BEWREENE, *express.*
SHEMRES, *shines.*
SEMLYKEENE, *countenance.*

WAYLDE, *chosen.*
YWREENE, *covered.*
SYKE *such.*

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* Is she not more than painting can express?

Fair Penitent.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere !
Ytte cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,
And hymn, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea.
Assyst mee Helle ! lette Devylles rounde mee tende,
To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane shoulde blede,
Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne ynne fyghte ;

ANERE, *another.*
ATTENES, *at once.*
DOUGHTIE, *mighty valiant.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
PREVYD, *hardy, valourous, proved.*

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer soule;
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flyng Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;
Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne;

Barbed, *armed.*
Dole, *lamentation.*
Reddoure, *violence.*
Lechemanne, *physician.*
Caytysnede, *binding, enforcing.*
Hallie, *happy.*
Selynesse, *happiness.*
Shap, *fate.*
Emmate, *lessen, decrease.*
Syke, *such.*

Botte mayden modestie moste ne see saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynne myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres,
Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.

Meeded, *recompensed.*
Faie, *faith, constancy.*
Yblente, *blinded.*
Lemes, *lights, rays.*
Cheese, *chuse.*

Swote, *sweetheart, bride.*
Enactynge, *acting.*
Deysde, *seated under a canopy.*
Pheeres, *fellows, equal.*

Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente,
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttle kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.

WARDEST, *watchest.*
GYFF, *if.*
ALEST, *least.*
DAYGNOUS, *disdainful.*
OFFRENDES, *presents, offering.*
COMPHEERES, *equals, companions.*
SCARPES, *scarfs.*
PARAMENTE, *robes of scarlet.*
LYSSED, *bounded, confined.*
STREVE, *strive,*
AMEDED, *rewarded.*
CORVEN, *represent, carve.*
BAWSYN, *large.*
OLYPHAUNTES, *elephants.*
AMATE, *destroy.*

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaven down
to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm Loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower stylle, and thyne, mie swete, for
aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paste will Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;

STRAUGHTE, *stretched.*
PYGHTE, *plucked.*
FALLDSTOLE, *kneeling-stool.*
SUFFYCYLL, *sufficient.*
MEDE, *reward.*
ACHEVMENTS, *services.*

Be notte toe slack yn love, ne overdeare;
A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde;
Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed blessynges shedde,
Besprengeynge far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so bryghte,

VOLUNDE, *memory, understanding.*
KENNE, *make known.*
CLERGIONDE, *learned.*
BESPRENGEYNGE, *scattering, dispersing.*

Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,
Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone newjoies encrease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe!

Mynstrelles Songe bie a Manne and Womanne.

SELYNESSE, *happiness.*
DYGHTE, *cloathed.*
JUBBES, *jugs.*
TYDE, *betyde or happen.*

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr swayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streme belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

Shepsterr, *shepherd.*
Bestoikerre, *deceiver.*
Mees, *meadows.*

Pereynge, *appearing.*
Danke, *damp, moisture.*

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate ;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

ERSTE, *formerly.*
DAMOYSELLES, *damsels.*
SWOTIE, *pleasant.*
OUZLE, *the blackbird.*

CHELANDREE, *goldfinch.*
BLATAUNTLIE, *loudly.*
LECTURNYES, *lectures.*

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.*
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;

Mees, *meadows.*
Gratche, *apparel.*
Swythe, *quickly.*
Alatche, *accuse, cry out.*
Crockynge, *crooked, twisting.*

* Unauthorized.

Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

FLORRYSCHETHE, *flourishes.*
COYEN, *coy.*
DROORIED, *modest.*
YWRYNDE, *separated.*
LEMANNE, *mistress.*

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinistre goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr. Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

YBORNE, *son.*
ATTENES, *at once.*
DIVINISTRE, *a divine.*

BOTHE.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn goodnesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,

BORDELLE, *a cottage.*
HAILIE, *happy.*
TROWE, *think.*
LAVERDE, *lord,*

As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;

CHOUGHE-VOYCES, *hoarse, as raven voices.*
SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*
STRET, *stretch.*
ENGYNE, *rack.*
BODDYNGE, *budding.*
BLOSHES, *blush.*
MEES, *meadows.*
SPRENGED, *sprinkled.*

Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne
ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewealonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge
stylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;

DYGHTE, *cloathed.*
NESH, *tender.*
ENLEFED, *full of leaves.*
STRAUGHTE, *stretched.*
WHESTLYNGE, *whistling.*
DYNNE, *sound.*
RODDIE, *red.*
WELKYNNE, *sky.*
ALESTAKE, *maypole.*
THOUGHTENNE, *thought.*

Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wylle have a charme for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brente doe appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;

ALLEYNE, *alone.*
BROWNIE, *brown.*
BLAKE, *bleak, naked*
SONNE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt.*
GUYLTERYNGE, *gilding.*
FOLFYLLE, *fill up, fulfill.*
LEVYNNE-FYRES, *flashes of lightning.*
LEMES, *metcors.*

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free;
Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylled bee,
Neseyncteyncelles, botte, havyngeblodde and tere,
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne fayre:

RUDDE, *red.*
FRUCTYLE, *fertile.*
JOICIE, *juicy.*
PERES, *pears.*
STEYNCED, *stained, alloyed.*

WROGTE, *formed.*
ALLEYNE, *alone.*
CHAFE, *hot.*
DHEERE, *there.*
TERE, *health.*

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutylle membere fyrste beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

YNUTYLLE, *useless.*
YWROGHTE, *composed.*
MOCHE, *much*
PHEERES, *fellows, equal.*
EFTE, *often.*
CHERES, *cherishes, soothes.*

TOCHELOD, *joined.*
HEIE, *they.*
SWYTHYN, *quickly*
BANTE, *cursed.*
HIE, *highly.*

Anodher Mynstrelles songe, bie *Syr Thybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
As from the sones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-Dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde* haulle han ne wynnynge.

LESSELLE, *arbour.*
HARRIED, *hastened.*
BASKETTE, *terms in archery,*
CHERYSAUNCYS, *comfort.*

LIEFE, *choice.*
BARBDE HAULLE, *hung with armour.*
WYNNYNGE, *allurements.*

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* Bardé; barbed or trapped, as a great horse. *Bardes,* barbes or trappings for horses of service or of shew *Cotgrave.* The word is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
Shee putte uppe her knittynge, and to hym wente shee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;

CURDELL, *card.*
AIDENS, *assistance.*
SWYTHYNNE, *immediately.*
FADRE, *father.*
SOTHEN, *truth.*
REDEYNGE, *wisdom, deliberation.*
DERKYNNES, *young deer.*
ANTECEDENTE, *to go before.*

There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.

CAROLLE, *song.*
YAPED, *laughable.*
DREYNCTED, *drowned.*
SCOLLES, *shoals.*
DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*
QUANSED, *stilled, quenched.*
LEVYNNE, *lightning.*
ROYNERS, *ruiners, ravagers.*
FORE, *before.*
ANIEGHE, *near.*

Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie lie.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon,
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.

Byker, *battle.*
Dysportysmente, *enjoyment.*
Selke, *silk.*
Gaberdyne, *military cloak.*
Nedere, *adder.*
Hylte, *hide.*
Ryne, *run.*
Slughornes, *warlike instruments of music.*

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
Then groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guestes to eate?

O mie upswalynge harte, what wordes can saie
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykyn* a swarthe obteyne?

GROFFYSHE, *rudely, sternly.*
UPSWALYNGE, *swelling.*
YBRENTE, *burnt up.*
ENTENDEMENTE, *comprehension.*
DENTED, *joined.*
BODYKYN, *body, substance.*
SWARTHE, *ghost, or shadow.*

* This diminutive never was used as a mere synonime of its original word. Dean Milles adduces *God's bodikins.* This oath cannot be received in evidence.

O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreeric dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde lette me saie, wyth hommaged drede,
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the sabbataners goe aboute.
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.

FREME, *strange.*
DOLE, *sorrow.*
REDE, *council, advise.*
EFTE, *often.*
LOVERDE, *lord.*
YLAYN, *prostrate, lying.*
LETHLEN, *still dead.*

HONDE-POYNCTE, *moment.*
DYGHTE, *prepared,*
FRAIE, *battle.*
SABBATANERS, *booted soldiers.*
ALLEYNE, *only.*
ALYSE, *set free.*

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde:
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;

TAKELLS, *arrows, darts.*
SOULGHE, *soul.*
FELLE, *pernicious.*
TYNGE, *tongue.*
FOURIE, *fury.*
QUEEDE, *devil.*
IMPLEASAUNCE, *unpleasantness.*
AGEARE, *appearance, dress.*
RENNOME, *renown.*

I, lyche a nedere, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynge spryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear

NEDRE, *adder.*
TYDE, *betide.*
DRIERIE, *grievous.*
DOLE, *sorrow.*
BRASTETH, *bursteth.*
HOLTRED, *hidden.*
SWARTHYNGE, *dying.*
SEMMLYKEED, *countenance.*

I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thy swerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,

Notte, *cloath, prepare, fasten.*
Rou, *horrid, disgusting.*
Ugsomme, *terrible.*
Entrykeynge, *deceitful.*
Wyght, *man.*
Leathall, *deadly.*
Pendaunte, *depending.*
Morthe, *death.*
Yerente, *burning.*

Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.
Of sclynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
Ytte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie cyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA,

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares;

Sellynesse, *happiness.*
Boon, *a favor.*
Attenes, *at once.*
Myttee, *mighty.*
Wurchethe, *worketh.*
Bane, *calamity, damage.*

Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command
Under the sygnette of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande?
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!

ATTOURE, *around.*
RODEYNGE, *command.*
DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*
ROYNERS, *ravagers.*
ENTRYKYNG WYGHTE, *deceitful man.*
SYGNETTE, *seal.*
RECREANDE, *coward.*

Heere, Birtha, thou has potte a double stynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.
'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.
Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the friende.
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flighte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe;

AGYLTED, *offended.*
ABREDYNGE, *upbraiding.*
BLYNGE, *cease.*
YWRYNDE, *disclosed.*
GROTED, *swollen.*
ARMOUR-BRACE, *suit of armour.*
DYGHTE, *cloathed.*
DOE, *make.*

I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to [be] dyghte yn stele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA,

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie *agroted harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
Albeytte I schulde go to mete the darte
Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.

Wele, *welfare.* ‖ Agroted, *swollen.*

* Qy. Sick quasi ægroted or agreated.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie†
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue.
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Asswaie, *assay.*
Tyngue, *tongue.*
Heie, *they.*
Strev, *strive.*
Agreeme, *torture.*
Accaie, *asswage.*
Difficile, *difficult.*
Behyltren, *hid.*
Yev, *give.*

† Unknown and unintelligible.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe* foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to be borne,
Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wythe syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende:

SHAPPE, *fate.*
TENE, *pain or torment.*
OUNDE, *flood.*
YTORNE, *rent.*
BLANCHE, *fair.*
BIGHES, *jewels.*
WARDE, *watch.*
EVERYCH, *every.*

* Qy. *Hap?*

Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking.*

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe slynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

YCORNE, *engraved.*
WORDIE, *worthy.*
LYNGE, *stay.*
ENGYNE, *torture.*

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass! percase he's gone for aie.

AGROTED, *swelling.*
BRASTE, *burst.*
TWAIE, *twain.*
OBAIE, *wait.*
LOVERDE, *lord.*
PERCASE, *perhaps.*

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponne thie wyde
aumere.

HALLIE, *holy.*
SUSTER, *sister.*
ENJOYOUS, *enraptured, joyful.*
ALBEYTTE, *although.*
HECKET, *wrapped closely, covered.*
YBLENTE, *blinded.*
ADENTE, *fastened.*
DEPYCTE, *painted.*
AUMERE, *robe or girdle.*

AUMERE.

The word does not occur in any of our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

NETE, *night.*
HOPELEN, *hopelessness.*
ADAWED, *awakened.*
AWHAPED, *astonished.*
FETYVENESS, *agreeableness.*
NETE, *nought.*
MYNDBRUCHE, *emulation.*
BYKER, *contest, battle.*

Romaunt of the Rose. v. 2271.

> Weare streighte gloves with *aumere*
> Of silk.

The French original stands thus

> De gans et de bourse de soye,
> Et de saincture te cointoye.

Skinner, who probably did not think of consulting the original, supposes *aumere* to be something belonging to *gloves*, and so at a venture expounded it *fimbria, instita*; a *fringe* or *border*. It seemed, and still seems most probable to me, that *aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *bourse de soye*; and consequently that aumere was sometimes equivalent to a purse. But the Dean, if I understand him rightly, differs from us both, and thinks that *aumere* is a translation of *saincture*, a girdle. "The *saincture*, or girdle, says he, has escaped the notice of the learned Editor, though, as a principal ornament in ancient dress, it was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, than the purse." Which was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, is

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the
place
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

---

not the question, but which is mentioned; and if the girdle escaped the notice of Chaucer, I do not see that I was bound to take any notice of it. In short *aumere*, upon the face of this passage, must probably signify, either *something belonging to gloves*, or a *purse*, or a *girdle*; and I think I might safely trust the intelligent reader with the determination, in which of these three senses it is here used by Chaucer. But I have also referred to another passage of the same poem R. R. ver. 2087. in which he uses *aumener* in this same sense of a purse.

Then from his *aumener* he drough
A little key fctise enough.

The original is

Adonc de sa *bourse* il traict
Un petit clef bien fait.

Where *aumener* is undoubtedly the translation of bourse. I must observe farther, that in what I take to be the most accurate and authentic edition of the French *Roman de la Rose*, (Paris 1727) these two lines are thus written, v. 2028.

Lors a de l' *aumoniere* traicte
Une petite clef bien faicte.

Which, I apprehend, adds no small strength to my conjecture, that both *aumener* and *aumere*, are derivatives from the French *aumoniere*. If so, it becomes still clearer, that the proper signification of *aumere* is *a purse*; a signification which will not suit any one of the passages, in which the word occurs in these Poems.

Tyrwhitt.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;
Blake stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gastness fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,

NETHE, *beneath.*
BLAKE, *naked.*
ALYSE, *quit.*
HANNE, *had.*
HAILIE, *happy.*
BORDELYER, *peasant, cottager.*
BESTANNE, *opposed, lost.*
MYCKLE, *great.*
GASTNESS, *terribleness.*
DYSPERPELLEST, *scatterest.*
LEVYNNE-BRONDE, *lightning.*
SOULGH, *soul.*
FORWYNED, *withered.*
GARE, *cause.*
SLEENE, *slain.*
FERIE, *fiery.*

Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis* whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

KERVETH, *cutteth, layeth waste.*
BRASTEYNGE, *bursting.*
HYLTREN, *hidden.*
WYCHENCREF, *witchcraft.*
FONNIS, *devices.*
CLERCHE, *church.*
FLEME, *terrify.*
BEME, *trumpet.*
FORGARDE, *lost.*
ALYCHE, *like.*
BREME, *furious.*
ZABALUS, *the devil.*
QUEED, *the devil.*
FREMDE, *strange.*

* A word of unknown origin.

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE *neare* WATCHETTE.

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,

SWYTHE, *quickly.*
OFFRENDES, *offerings.*
PAVYES, *daggers.*
HALLIE, *holy.*

MOKIE, *murky, gloomy.*
AGGUYLTE, *offended.*
GYTTELLES, *mantels.*

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde;
Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
Stroven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th'empprize.

falleth downe and efte rysethe.

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

BARRIERE, *boundary.*
OUNDYNGE, *foaming, undulating.*
STORVEN, *strove.*
OVEREST, *uppermost.*
SOCKEYNGE, *sucking.*
SWOLTERYNGE, *overwhelming.*
ASTRODDE, *astride.*
ERTHYS, *earth's*
HESTE, *command.*
ELETTEN, *enlightning.*
UNDEVYSE, *explain.*
EMPPRYSE, *understanding.*
EFTE, *afterwards.*
MYTTE, *mighty.*

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,
As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke

TREYNTED, *scattered.*
NOYANCE, *destruction.*
ATHOROWE, *through.*
QUEED, *the devil.*
DYSTRAYGHTE, *distracted.*
LOASTE, *loss.*
DYNGEYNGE, *noisy, sounding.*
OUNDE, *wave.*
TOSTE, *toss.*
MEYNTE, *many.*
MORIE, *marshy.*
GRONFER, *fen fire, or meteor.*
DROKE, *dry.*
LETHALLE, *deadly.*
LEVYN-MYLTED, *melted with lightning.*
EEKE, *amplification, or boast.*

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke saiethe drefte, ytt armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.

DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*
DREFTE, *least, rather vauntingly.*
ADVENTAYLE, *beaver.*
HEAULMES, *helmets.*
SYTHENCE, *since.*
ANENTE, *against.*

Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corses I investynge everych mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome.

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

Efte, *often.*
Investynge, *cloathing,*
Aston, *astonished.*
Renome, *renown.*
Reyne, *run.*
Dome, *fate.*

Bourne, *confined, stopped.*
Wordhye, *worthy.*
Peene, *punishment.*
Bewreene, *declared, exposed.*
Burled, *armed.*

Gyf I weelde notte thé deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie.
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whych to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.

SPHERE, *spear.*
ADEENE, *worthy.*
ADENTED, *bruised, battered.*
GOTTES, *drops.*
HEAFOD, *head.*
PEYNCTE, *paint.*
ANENT, *against.*
WOLFYNNES, *wolf's.*
FURRIE, *fury.*
WURCHE, *work.*

Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng
rage;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte
asswage.

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doest aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness
To thee and recreandes) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.

Dystraughte, *distracted.*
Rage, *burning.*
Smethynge, *smoking.*
Chafed, *enflamed.*
Aslee, *slide, or creep.*
Doled, *painful.*
Strynge, *strong.*
Lyoncelle, *lyon's cub.*
Wysche, *wish.*
Ugsomness, *terror.*
Recreandes, *cowards.*
Fleers, *fugitives.*
Federed, *feathered.*
Takelle, *arrow.*
Reyne, *run.*

* An unknown word.

A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen and to beastes a pheere!
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:
Fen vaipours blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes
devoure.

RONNYNGE, *runniug.*
BANED, *cursed.*
TYNGUE, *tongue.*
NEDERS, *adders.*
PRE, *prey.*
YYNGE, *young.*
UNEYNED, *blind*
PHEERE, *companion, equal.*
FURCHEDD, *forked.*
LEVYNNE, *lightning.*
FHUYR, *fury.*
UNWEERE, *storm.*
BANTE, *cursed.*
WOLSOME, *loathsome.*
PEENES, *tortures.*

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle onne mie heade all tortures that be rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

FAYGNE, *willingly.*
WELKYNS, *heaven's.*
FHURIE, *fury.*
ROU, *rough, terrible.*
BANE, *curse.*
RELE, *wave.*
DYNNE, *sound.*

MAGNUS.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle !
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome !
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre felle;
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes ;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canst calle.

UNLYDGEFULLE, *unloyal.*
SLETRE, *slaughter.*
YYNE, *thine.*
DYSREGATE, *break connection with.*
BANES, *curses.*
RECENDIZE, *cowardice.*

Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde.
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, and MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

*Blynne your contekions, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge.

GROFFILE, *abject, grovelling.*
BLYNNE, *cease.*
CONTEKIONS, *contentions.*

* These nine lines, and the speech of the second Messenger afterwards, are in blank verse; a metre first practised in England by Surrey.

Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

FREMDED, *frighted.*
UGSOMLIE, *terribly.*
HELE, *help.*
PERSANTE, *piercing.*
BEME, *trumpet.*

Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde?' ys ytte for
feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wyll keepe watch and warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens
foode.

FORGARD, *lose.*
CASTLE-STERE, *the hold of the castle.*
BYKER, *battle.*
ANNETHE, *underneath.*
LERE, *leather, stuff.*
NETE, *nought.*
CHOUGHENS, *ravens.*

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoaste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? and soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne.

KENDE, *perceived.*
ROIEND, *ruined.*
BERNE, *child.*

Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of aycton derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, and inne the battelle slea.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and ARMIE near WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,

CREAND, *cowardly.*
MOCHE, *much.*
DERNE, *terrible.*
ATTURNE, *turn.*
SABBATANERES, *booted soldiers.*
DEERE, *terrible.*
UPRYSE, *rouse up.*
MATTYNES, *morning devotion.*

Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge
browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytte ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate,
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, and soldyerres, ynne blacke armore
drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

BOUNE, *ready.*
MASTERSCHYPPE, *victory.*
GLESTREYNGE, *glittèring.*
UGSOMME, *hideous.*
GRATCHE, *garb, dress.*
EMBOLLEN, *swelling.*
PERSANTE, *piercing.*
DRERE, *terrible.*
REDYNGE, *advice.*

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerres of our hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame,

SHAP-SCURGED, *fate-scourged.*
SORFEETED, *surfeited, cloyed.*
ENLOWED, *flamed, fired.*
LEMED, *lighted.*
GYTE, *dress.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
DYGHTES, *cloathes.*
STORVEN, *dead.*
SMETHYNGE, *smoking.*
PYGHTES, *pluck.*
YBRENDE, *burn.*
ROYNERRES, *ravagers.*
BRASTE, *burst.*

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines,
bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla and Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher,
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,

FOR-WELTRYNGE, *blasting.*
LEVYN-BRONDE, *flash of lightning.*
YATTE, *that.*
BATTAYLES, *ships, boats.*
ETERNE, *eternal.*
FEERIE, *fiery.*
LOWYNGE, *flaming.*
STREV, *strive.*
ROYNERS, *ruiners.*
HYGER, *the bore of the Severn.*
LYGHETHE, *lodgeth.*
REYNYNGE, *running.*
DREERIE, *terrible.*
ENSWOLTERS, *swallows, sucks in.*

Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the
champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhurie dyre;
Brystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre,
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyre,
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
See[ing] the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the
playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
slayne.

FHURYE, *fury.*
BREME, *fierce.*
LOEKE, *luck.*
GARE, *caute.*

UNENHANTENDE, *unaccustomed.*
WOLFYNS, *wolves.*
PRE, *prey.*
SHEPSTER, *shepherd.*

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene.
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte.
Yourselfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be brave, and wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie;

GRONFER, *fen meteor.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
STRYNGE, *strong.*
LYONCELLE, *lion's whelp.*
SLEENE, *slain.*
DYNNYNGE, *sounding.*
SCALLE, *shall.*
PAVES, *daggers.*
POYNTELLE, *pen.*
RENNOMES, *reputation.*
GARE, *cause,*
WRYNNE, *discover.*

Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe
trace.
'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle space;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves be menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve
grace,
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe
deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

'Twexte, *betweene.*
Shappe, *fate.*
Bornyshed, *burnished.*
Fetyve, *agreeable, comely.*

Enrone, *unsheath.*
Anlace, *sword.*
Leathal, *deadly*

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, and sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go, and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe
to helle;

Loverde, *lord.* ‖ Ywielde, *wield.*

Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres;
The barrowes brastynge wythe the sleene schall swelle,
Brynnynge to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne* seene the daie,

ONLYGHTE, *darken.*
BARROWES, *tombs.*
BRASTYNGE, *bursting.*
BRYNNYNGE, *declaring.*
LOWE, *flame.*
POYNTELLES, *pens.*
DERNIE, *valiant.*
WYSSEN, *wish.*

The CAPITAL BLUNDER which runs through all these Poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is *the termination of verbs in the singular number in* n. *han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the *present* or *past* time SINGULAR of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the *present* time *plural*, and the infinitive mode.

Tyrwhitt.

In opposition to this conclusive remark ANONYMUS produced twelve passages of which only one is in the least to his purpose. "Ich han bitten this wax"—an old rime of nobody knows whom. Mr. Bryant and the Dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection.

And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe our battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

SLUGHORNES, *warlike instruments of music.*

YINDER, *yonder.*

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.

STREV, *strive.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
BESPRENGED, *scattered.*

Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle mark the goeynge
of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge* yield yer
breathe;

NE, *no.*
MORTHER, *murder.*
SCALLE, *shall.*
ENTHOGHTEYNGE, *thinking.*
BRONDEYNGE, *furious, inflamed.*
SPYRYNGE, *lofty.*
BATTAYLES, *ships.*
BURLED, *armed.*
BOBBLYNGE, *the noise made by a man in drowning.*

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* Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,
And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.

Dryden's Virgil.

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle slayne.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne;
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner joyne.

DYSCOURTEOUS, *ungenerous.*
CRAVENTE *cowa·d.*
HAVYOURE, *behaviour.*
DESPENDYNGE, *expending.*
DRAFFS, *refuse.*
SYTHENCE, *since then.*

FOURTUNIE, *fortune, or conflict.*
GADER, *collect.*
SHAPIE *ſ te.*
FORLOYNE, *retreat.*
SWYTHE, *quickly.*

Throwe hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde dethe
and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves there-
ynne:
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

HAMLETTES, *villages.*
SPRENGE, *scatter.*
DOLE, *lamentation.*
WASCH, *wash.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
PENNE, *eminence.*

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyyngehartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
*The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,

SCAL, *shall.*
ASTOUNDE, *astonish.*
REDE, *wisdom.*
YBEREYNGE, *bearing.*
RENNOMDE, *renowned.*
DYGHTE, *cloathed.*
FLYTTED, *flew.*
GEETE, *mantle.*

---

* Heavens gates spontaneous open to the Powers,
Heavens golden gates, kept by the winged Hours:
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

Pope's Homer.

Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge streaks bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne whyche stondeth bie;
The souldyers stood uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe brieres;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warrynge harte for prayse & rennome swelles;

Shemrynge, *glittering.*
Gottes, *drops.*
Borne, *burnish, rather hill.*
Enlefed, *inleaf.*
Ensemeynge, *appearing.*
Lowe, *flame.*

Lyche slowelie dymnynge of the croucheynge streme
Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd rynge;

Croucheynge, *crooked, winding.*
Mormrynge, *murmuring.*
Poyntell, *pen.*
Tyngue, *tongue.*
Heaven-were, *towards heaven.*
Brondeous, *furious.*
Strynge, *strong.*

Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, my tynge; saie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, stylle greater hee
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;
Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to telle!
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare.

Flemed, *frighted.*
Dree, *drive.*
Bowkes, *bodies.*

Compheere, *companion.*
Hyndlette, *peasant.*

He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a ravenne fledde.

GRYPPED, *grasped.*
YSPEDDE, *dispatched.*
STRAUGHTE, *stretched.*
DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie.
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes flie;
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Pressynge behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie,
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde,

SLEETRE, *slaughter.*

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
course,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
heere — awaie!

CELMONDE. [*Solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe.
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;

GYTTELLES, *mantle, cloathing.*
MERKE, *darkness,*
HYLTREN, *hidden.*
GARE, *cause.*

DYGHTE, *prepare.*
ETHE, *relief, easy.*
SMETHE, *smoke.*

Botte — Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne — ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge there.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, and morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to nowe, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle be torne.

ETHE, *easy.*
GAYNE, *great, advantageous.*
ÆTERNE, *eternal.*
BATTENTLIE, *boldly, or violently.*

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere,
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, yon muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied* reste.

PRECHE, *exhort, recommend.*
WEERE, *grief.*
SELLYNESSE, *happiness.*
CHERISAUNIED, *comfortable.*

---

* By an error of the press, Cherisaunci is printed in Kersey instead of Cherisaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places.

Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Loverde, *lord.*
Swotie, *sweet.*
Wiere, *grief.*
Reynynge, *running.*

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

CRYNE, *hair.*
RODE, *complexion.*
CALE, *cold.*

SWOTE, *sweet.*
DEFTE, *neat.*

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

‖ Hallie, *holy*. ‖ Celness, *coldness*.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

DENTE, *fasten.*
GRE, *grow.*
OUPHANTE, *elfin.*
NETE, *nighte.*
REYTES, *waterflags.*
LEATHALLE, *deadly.*

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

UNCOURTLIE, *unpleasant, cruel.*
SHAPPE, *fate.*
BENYMMES, *bereaves.*

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!

YEVE, *give.* || LEME, *enlighten.*

Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe bane,
and blesse;
On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge
warmed,
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
sesse;
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

BANE, *curse.*
ENCALEDE, *frozen, cold.*
ESTROUGHTED, *stretched forth.*
HUSCARLES, *attendants.*
COURACYERS, *horse coursers, couriers.*

CELMONDE, *atte* BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are stylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be sated yn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng
streme,
At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here.

UPRYSTE, *risen.*
LETTEN, *church-yard.*
OUPHANT, *elfin.*
LEME, *light.*
LYNCHE, *brink, border.*
REYNYNG, *running.*

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte blessynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA,

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

Behylte, *promised.*

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BYKEROUS, *warlike.*
AGROTED, *swelling, or bursting.*
ETHE, *relieve, ease.*
DEFTELIE, *easily, commodiously.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge:
Sweftlie caparisons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;

LYNGE, *linger.*
LEVYN PLOOME, *feathered lightning.*
GARE, *cause.*
YEV, *give.*

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille be a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd slee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche tree,

Lyvelyhode, *life.*
Moke, *dark.*
Tore, *torch.*
Feere, *fire.*
Unwears, *tempests.*
Welkynn, *sky, or heaven*
Reyne, *rain.*
Ferse, *fierce.*
Enchafed, *heated.*
Enseme, *furrow, or make seams in.*

And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

WATER-NEDERS, *water-serpents.*

A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
Spreddynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes
maie dree.
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne
moere.

Bewreckeynge, *revenging.*
Ugsomme, *terrible.*
Rennome, *renown.*
Nete, *nought.*
Suffycyle, *sufficient.*
Scarre, *mark.*
Dree, *drive.*
Eftesoones, *quickly.*

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and oure heaulmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe dropes, fledde awaie,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes, destroie;—
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie.

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;

Queedes, *devils.*
Heaulmes, *helmets.*
Hynd-lettes, *peasants.*
Brynnynge, *shewing.*
Wylfes, *wolves.*
Shotte, *shut.*
Fhuyrie, *fury.*
Brende, *burn.*

Brastynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes rende,
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre and bloddie weere.
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wyll yssue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste,

BRASTYNGE, *bursting.*
AUNTYANTE, *ancient.*
PETE, *pluck up.*
BESPRENGYNGE. *scattering.*
WEERE, *tempest.*
MERKNESS, *darkness.*

*Howe sable ys the spreddynge skie arrayde!
Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

HAILIE, *happy.*
BORDELEIRE, *cottager.*
FLEMYNGE, *terrifying.*
SSANTILLIE, *scarcely, sparingly.*
BRAYDE, *embroider.*
LEMES, *rays, beams.*
MERKER, *darker.*
TYDE, *time.*

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* All is hush'd and still as death! — 'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile!
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.
Mourning Bride.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes,
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the syghte;
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BEWREENE, *discover.*
NETE, *nought.*
TORE. *torch.*
BRAUNCYNGE, *branching.*

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraste? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!

Betraste, *betrayed,* ‖ Nete, *not.*

I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyspleasaunce brooke.

NEDERS, *adders.*
BRENDYNGE, *burning.*
AMATE, *quench.*
REGRATE, *favor.*
HARRIE, *harrow, tear up.*
ETHE, *ease.*
HELE, *help, healing.*
BLETHE, *bleed.*

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee seynctes; and shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn and her starres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte.

Deslavatie, *letchery.*
Welkyn, *heaven.*
Avele, *avail, prevail.*
Merkye, *murky, dark.*
Hylte, *hide.*

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde
was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou
wylte.
Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder
heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

STREV, *strive.*
WYSCHE, *wish.*
BESTOYKERRE, *deceiver.*
RODER, *Roader-Viator, traveller.*

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys royner heere!

SETE, *stability.*
AFFERE, *affright.*
ROYNER, *ruiner.*

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynte Danes he sleath, and faleth to Hurra.

BRONDEOUS, *furious.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
BEWRYEN, *bewray, discover.*

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
To her be kynde.

Dieth.

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,

FORSLAGEN, *slain.*
FORSLEGE, *slay.*
ÆTERNE, *eternal.*
ANENSTE, *against.*

Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys fellc arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he yn ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto oure londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter dome.

LETHAL, *deadly.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
EWBRYCE, *adultery.*
PYGHTE, *plucked.*
BRONDEOUS, *furious.*
FORSLAGEN, *slew.*
YBRENTE, *burnt.*
SHENTE, *broke.*
HANTONED, *accustomed.*
GARE, *cause.*
WYSCHED, *wished.*
DOME, *fate.*

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and wyne;
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed you to be stylle, and strayte didd sette you free.

FORLOYNE, *retreat.*
DYGNE, *noble, worthy of praise.*
SMETHD, *smoked.*
BEHYLTE, *forbid.*
CLEYNE, *sound.*
CAYTYSNED, *captives.*
OATHED, *swore.*

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyvynges! bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe and sea.

FORSLEGE, *slay.*
GARE, *cause.*
PERCASE, *perhaps.*
MENNYS, *mens.*
BEWRYNNE, *declare.*
LONGE-STRAUGHTE, *lengthened.*
GUYFTE, *gift.*

O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;

DEFTLIE, *properly.*
BETYDETHE, *awaiteth.*
ENFOULED, *vicious.*
CROSS-STONE, *monument.*
BEWREE, *declare.*
LEME, *ray.*

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee.

GREEYNGE, *growing.*
SHEPSTER MAYDEN, *shepherdess.*
DYGHTYNGE, *preparing.*
SCANTE, *scarce.*

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle proove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more.

HYNDES, *servants.*
ENHELE, *heal, cure.*
LEDANNE, *heavy.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

SEMMLYKEENE, *appearance.*

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe truc.
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!
Ælla! whatt? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moc.
Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie!
Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse, alleyne.
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere.

WIERE, *grief.*
GARE, *cause.*
ALLEYNE, *only, alone.*
HENTYLLE, *custom.*
SEERE, *search.*

ÆLLA.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste be soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

Loustie, *lustful.*
Brondeous, *furious.*
Enswote, *sweeten.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onn mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte:
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce wynde,

Loverde, *lord.*
Heste, *command.*
Benned, *cursed, tormented.*
Unburled, *unarmed.*
Dolce, *soft, gentle.*

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.

Stabbeth hys breste.

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be stylle: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.

STEEKED, *stealed.*
PYGHTE, *tortured.*
UNWEERE, *tempest.*
ENGYNED, *racked.*
HOMMEUR, *honour.*
DRYBBLET, *inconsiderable.*
YEVE, *give.*
RYNDE, *ruined.*
RECRANDIZE, *cowardice.*
HUSCARLES, *servants.*

Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.

Knelle ryngeth.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee,

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde wouldc Ælla dobblie slee.

LETHALLE, *deadly.*
DYNNE, *sound.*
WYSCHD, *wished.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.

Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA,

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled swayne:
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;

UNSPRYTES, *un-souls.*
BURLED, *armed.*
MYRYNGE, *wallowing.*
COMPHEERES, *companions.*

The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes
coulde Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge laie;

BEWRYEN, *declare.*
GARE, *cause.*
WORDEYNGE, *bringing me word.*

I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie:
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— *dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
Oh! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.
Birtha feyncteth.

COERNYKE.

Whatte? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne;

MURKE, *dark.*
UNPLYTE, *unfold.*
WURCHYS, *works.*
SHAPPE, *fate.*
RENNOME, *renown.*

For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,
Thie countrymen shall rere thee on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste:
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle
synge of thee.

CARNES, *stones.* ‖ AMEDE, *reward.*

GODDWYN;

A Tragedie,

By THOMAS ROWLEJE.

Transcribed by Mr. Catcott from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing. [*See p.* 2.]

PROLOGUE,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Whylomme bie pensmenne moke ungentle name
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;
Unliart divinistres haveth saide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche;
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.

The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte a clergyon, trouthe wyll wrytte.

WHYLOMME, *of old, formerly.*
PENSMENNE, *writers, historians.*
MOKE, *much.*
UNGENTLE, *inglorious.*
BENYMMYNGE, *bereaving.*
FAIE, *faith.*
UNLIART, *unforgiving.*
DIVINISTRES, *divines, clergymen, monks.*
HALLIE, *holy.*
WURCHE, *work.*
NE, *not.*
AUCTHOURE, *author.*
CLERGYON, *clerk, or clergyman.*

Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn a kynge mote bee full pleased to nyghte.
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon* anie onne.

ENTYN, *even.*
MOTE, *might.*

CHAMPYON, *challenge.*

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* No instance of this verb has yet been adduced from a writer earlier than Shakespeare.

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,	bie T. ROWLEIE, the Aucthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie JOHAN DE ISCAMME.
ELWARDE,	bie SYRR THYBBOT GORGES.
ALSTAN,	bie SYRR ALAN DE VERE
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie MASTRE WILLYAM CANYNGE.

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

Harolde!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ryseth to ifrete the londe.

LOVERDE, *lord.* ‖ IFRETE, *devour, destroy.*

Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge* stonde;
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
Am I betrassed, syke shulde mie burlie bronde
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe, ugsomme, rou, as smethynge armyes seeme;

BATTEN, *fatten.*
AGREME, *grievance.*
BLYN, *cease, be still.*
ALEDGE, *idly.*
BETRASSED, *deceived, imposed on.*
SYKE, *so.*
BURLIE, *fury, anger, rage.*
DEPEYNCTE, *paint, display.*
SPRYTE, *soul.*
STRINGE, *strong.*
UGSOMME, *terrible.*
ROU, *horrid, grim.*
SMETHYNGE, *smoking, bleeding.*

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* Unintelligible. Mr. Bryant supposed it to have been written *adelege*, which he says is analogous to the Saxon adverb *ydelech*, and corresponds to Chatterton's interpretation.

Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme.
What tydynges from the kynge!

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.
I make noe compheere of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.

EFTE, *oft.*
CHEFES, *heat, rashness.*
REDE, *council, wisdom.*
BREME, *strength, also strong.*
COMPHEERE, *companion.*
SHEMRYNGE, *taudry, glimmering.*
FOULKE, *people.*
SHAP, *fate, destiny.*

Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie prayde.
Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howre?
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne,
Unburled, undelievre, unespryte?
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

FETELIE, *nobly.*
CALKE, *cast.*
CROCHE, *cross, from crouche, a cross.*
DAREYNGE, *attempt, or endeavour.*
UNBURLED, *unarmed.*
UNDELIEVRE, *unactive.*
UNESPRYTE, *unspirited.*
THYK, *such.*

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fytte.
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies.
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe.
Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?
Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe.
Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte alle Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke thou arte servynge Godde.

ADENTED, *fastened, annexed.*
PROWESS, *might, power.*
GITE, *mantle, or robe.*
ARGENT, *white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent.*
FORSTRAUGHTEYNGE, *distraction.*
WANHOPE, *despair.*
BLETHE, *bleed.*
ALYSE, *allow.*
ETHE, *ease.*
TRONE, *throne.*
PYGHTE, *pluck.*
BESEIES, *becomes.*
LEEGEFOLCKE, *subjects.*

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.
The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes cries
Acheke the mokie aire and heaven astende.*
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee;
Lyche a battently low, mie swerde shalle brende;
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem slea;
Wee wayte too longe; oure purpose wylle defayte;
Aboune the hyghe empryze, and rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster—

CONTEKES, *contentions, complaints.*
ACHEKE, *choke.*
MOKIE, *dark cloudy.*
ASTENDE, *astound, astonish.*
HANCELLED, *cut off, destroyed.*
NORMANNE, *slaves.*
BATTENTLIE, *loud roaring.*
LOW, *flame of fire.*
BRENDE, *burn, consume.*
DEFAYTE, *decay, fail.*
ABOUNE, *make ready.*
EMPRYZE, *enterprize.*

* Unauthorised.

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
Albeytte, dyd shee speeke her foemen fayre,
I wulde dequace her comlie semlykeene,
And foulde mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir blyn,

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unkend,
Beheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his countries friende.

ALBEYTTE, *notwithstanding.*
FOEMEN, *foes.*
DEQUACE, *mangle, destroy.*
SEMLYKEENE, *beauty, countenance.*
ANLACE, *an ancient sword.*
FHUIR, *fury.*
BLYN, *cease.*
LEATHAL, *deadly.*
MERE, *lake.*
UPRISTE, *swollen.*
HILTRENE, *hidden.*
UNKEND, *unknown.*
BEHESTE, *command.*

The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle,
The feerie anlace brede shal make mie gare prevayle.

GODDWYN,

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng everich native plant to gre,
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous wulde hem slee;
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme;
Theyre deathe a menes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee,
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.

LETE, *still.*
GULE-STEYNCT, *red-stained.*
BRYGANDYNE, ADVENTAYLE, *parts of armour.*
BREDE, *broad.*
GARE, *cause.*
DRITES, *droits, rights, liberties.*
COUPYNGE, *cutting, mangling.*
CALTYSNYNG, *forbidding, restraining.*
GRE, *grow.*
BRONDEOUS, *furious.*
BREME, *strength.*

Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie rage fulle ire,
And Goddis anlace weilde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded rule the untentyff reaulme;

BEWRYNE, *declare.*
ANLACE, *sword.*
MYNSTER, *monastery.*
DYGNER, *more worthy.*
PYGHTE, *pulled, plucked.*
BRAYD, *displayed.*
SUPER-HALLIE, *over-righteous*
REDED, *counselled, more wise.*
UNTENTYFF, *uncarefull, neglected.*

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
To yielde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE,

Tell me the meenes, I wylle boute ytte strayte;
Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,
Bie whyche thou, Haroldc, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;

ALLEYNE, *alone.*
WERE, *wear.*
BETE, *bid, command.*
SLEA, *slay.*
SWYTHYNNE, *presently.*
UNPLAYTE, *explain.*
AGRAMES, *grievance.*
BRAUNCE, *branch.*

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron
Drented of alle yts swolynge owndes shalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse;
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede
As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,

Mollock, *wet, moist.*
Gron, *fen, moor.*
Drented, *drained.*
Swolynge, *swelling.*
Owndes, *waves.*
Agrame, *grievance.*
Gemote, *assemble.*
Brede, *broad.*
Ybroched, *horned.*
Blaunch, *white.*
Dyghtes, *decks.*
Doughtiest, *mightiest, most valiant.*
Forslagen, *slain.*
Orrests, *oversets.*
Castle-stede, *a castle.*

Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke yiere woes;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all;
The moe wee gayne, the gare wylle prosper beste,
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.
No crouched champyone wythe an harte moe feygne

BEWRECKE, *revenge.*
LOVERDES, *lords.*
GARE, *cause.*
ATTENES, *at once,*

CROUCHED CHAMPYONE, *one who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.*
FEYGNE, *willing.*

Dyd yssue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aslepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, my sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason wronges bee reyne ynto theyre pryme;
Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,

HALLIE, *holy.*
ENHEPE, *heap upon us.*
GEASON, *rare, extraordinary, strange.*
REYNE, *run, shot up.*
EGEDERINGE, *assembling, gathering.*

Tys fulle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee menne be sleene arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal calle.

BRASTETH, *bursteth.*
CHAPER, *dry, barren.*
MITTEE, *mighty.*
SLEENE, *slain.*
HELE, *help.*

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded straungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone, and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me gronde;
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

LOVERDE, *lord.*
BROWDED, *embroidered; it is conjectured embroidery was not used in England till Henry II.*
TRONE, *throne.*
YEAVE, *give.*
BOWKIE, *person, body.*
EMBOWRE, *lodge.*

QUEENE.

Mancas* you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke make moke dole, you have theyr
worthe asterte.†

KYNGE.

I heste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele.
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;
No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele:
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

MANCAS, *marks.*
LEEGE-FOLCKE, *subjects.*
MOKE, *much.*
DOLE, *lamentation.*
ASTERTE, *neglected, or passed by.*
HESTE, *ask.*
HELE, *help.*
VOLUNDES, *wills.*
YSTORVEN, *dead.*
DENWERE, *doubt.*
RELE, *waves.*

* Mancas were small Saxon coins.

† Unintelligible.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were;
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente;
The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere;
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente.

HEAVEN-WERE, *heaven-ward, or God-ward.*
HENTE, *purse, used here probably as a treasury.*
HUS, *house.*
DYSPENSE, *expence.*
RECEIVURE, *receipt.*
EFTSOONES, *soon.*
DISPENTE, *expended.*

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke,
Saieynye, go beare thatte message to the kynge.

KYNGE.

Arace hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,

MITTE, *a contraction of mighty.*
ARACE, *divest.*
ENALSE, *embrace.*

Inne strevvynge to slea hymme, ourselves we slea;
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn
Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same;
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
launde.

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe bere
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thynge,

DOUGHTYNESS, *mightiness.*
REDE, *counsel.*
ENT, *purse.*
STEDNESS, *firmness, steadfastness.*

Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere,
Onknowlachynge gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege;
To thee heie shulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb forslege.
I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie manne, I doe thee pryze.

DENWERE, *doubt, suspence.*
ONKNOWLACHYNGE, *not knowing.*
ONWORDIE, *unworthy.*
MARVELLE, *wonder.*
LEEGE, *homage, obeysance.*
HEIE, *they.*
GLOMB, *frown.*
FORSLEGE, *kill.*
CURRIEDOWE, *flatterer.*
WITE, *reward.*
HALLIE, *holy.*

Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise,
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyres.
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

HELE, *help.*
ALISE, *allow.*
HAMLETTES, *manors.*
ALLEYN, *alone.*

CHORUS,

To GODDWYN, a TRAGEDIE.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,

ANLACE, *sword.*
ASSAYLED, *endeavoured.*
ACALE, *freeze.*
ONFLEMED, *undismayed.*
BURLED, *armed, pointed.*
JESTE, *hoisted on high, raised.*
FOEMEN, *foes, enemies.*
FLIZZE, *fly.*

Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

HEAFOD, *head.*
STRAUGHT, *stretched.*
ALYCHE, *like.*
TWAIE, *two*
BRENDEYNGE, *flaming.*
GRONFYRES, *meteors.*
CHAFTES, *beats, stamps.*
SCILLYE, *closely.*
WYMPLED, *mantled, covered.*
GIES, *guides.*
BURLD, *armed.*
ARIST, *arose.*

War, goare-faced-war, bie envie burld arist,
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste—

* * * * * * *

Heaulme, *helmet.*

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE Ift.

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

Whanne Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves theie
chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to
fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas,

BOOKE Ift. *I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems. (Chatterton.)*
HORROWE, *unseemly, disagreeable.*
DYGHTE, *dressed.*
HECKLED, *wrapped.*
LEMES, *rays.*
HULSTRED, *hidden, secret.*
LAVEYNCE, *washing.*

Gerd the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets twighte,
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs,
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched clefs.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the froste of fere.
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beatynge bryne;

GERD, *broke, rent.*
DRYBBLETS, *small pieces.*
TWIGHTE, *pulled, rent.*
MEES, *meadows.*
DEFS, *vapours, meteors.*
EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened.*
RELES, *ridges, rising waves.*
UNCOUTHE, DENWERE, *unknown tremour.*
KNOPPED, *fastened, chained, congealed, rather, nipped.*
LISSETH, *boundeth.*
BOLEYNGE, *swelling.*

Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
A burled Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn honde.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose swerdes
Glestred lyke gledeynge starres yn frostie nete,
Hayleynge theyre captayne in chirckynge wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;
Theie urged the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the syghte;
Tyll tyred wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns swaie.

BURLED, *armed.*
COMPHEERES, *companions.*
GLEDEYNGE, *lived.*
CHIRCKYNGE, *a confused noise.*
UNCTED, *anointed.*

Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the myndes,
Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breste,
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyre kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente;
Halceld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;
Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of her wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.

LEMED, *enlightened.*
LEGGENDE, *alloyed.*
UNTHEWES, *savage barbarity.*
MYSTERK, *mystic.*
LYMMED, *polished.*
PARAMENTE, *a princely robe.*
HALCED, *defeated.*
BYKROUS, *warring.*
ALYCHE, *like.*
WEDE, *garment.*

Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie age;
Eft wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage,
Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted warriours to bewreck her bedde;
Theie rose; ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

AMETTEN, *met with.*
SWOTIE, *sweet.*
EFT, *oft.*
FAGE, *a tale.*

GEMOTED, *assembled.*
BEWRECK, *revenge.*
ENCHAFED, *heated, enraged.*

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the Western mittee pyles of claie
Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch and gear,
Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate.

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,
Eke everychone who shulde her ele emprize.

Boddeynge, *budding.*
Mittee, *mightie.*
Gratch, *apparel.*
Regrate, *esteem, favour.*
Emmertleynge, *glittering.*
Pyghte, *settled.*
Ele, *help.*
Emprize, *adventure.*

Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies,
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye,
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde,
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed rylle.

MEINT, *many.*
HERLHAUGHTES, *heralds, harbingers.*
GYE, *guide.*
HARRIED, *tost.*
ASTOUNDE, *astonish.*
LIMMED, *glassy, reflecting.*

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
Houton dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare;
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde.

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped;
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne glesterrd on hys headde:
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne;

LEGGEN, *lesson, allay.*
HOUTON, *hollow.*
BYSMARE, *bewildered, curious.*
HEAVENWERE, *heaven-ward.*
YWRYNDE, *hid, covered.*

BAWSYN, *huge, bulky.*
YSPED, *dispatched.*
RODDIE LEVYNNE, *red lightning.*
DERNIE, *cruel.*

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were
fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
hyghte.

LEMES, *flames, rays.*

AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Of CHARITIE.

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEIE. 1464.

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;

THOMAS ROWLEY, *the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.*

VIRGYNE, *the sign of Virgo.*
MEES, *meads.*
RODDIE, *reddened, ripened.*
MOLE, *soft.*
CHELANDRI, *pied goldfinch.*

'Twas nowe the pryde, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,

Dighte, *drest, arrayed.*
Defte, *neat, ornamented.*
Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle.*
Welken, *the sky, the atmosphere.*
Arist, *arose.*
Hiltren, *hiding, shrouding.*
Attenes, *at once.*
Fetyve, *beauteous.*

Seyncte Godwine's Covent. It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbott of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer* flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, howe withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde,
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

UNGENTLE, *beggarly.*
WEEDE, *dress.*
BRETFULL, *filled with,*
ALMER, *beggar.*
GLOMMED, *clouded, dejected.* A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glummong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum.*
FORWYND, *dry, sapless.*
CHURCH-GLEBE-HOUSE, *the grave.*
ASSHREWED, *accursed, unfortunate.*
KISTE, *coffin.*
DORTOURE, *dormitory, a sleeping-room.*

---

* Unauthorised, and contrary to analogy.

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,

AMINGE, *among.*
FORSWAT, *sun-burnt.*
SMETHE, *smoke.*
DRENCHE, *drink.*
GHASTNESS, *ghastliness.*
PALL, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.
FLOTT, *fly.*
LEVYNNE, *lightning.*
SMOTHE, *steams, or vapours.*
LOWINGS, *flames.*
CLYMMYGE, *noise.*
CHEVES, *moves.*
EMBOLLEN, *swelled, strengthened.*

Still on the gallard* eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Agayn the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

GALLIARD, *frighted.*
BRASTE, *burst.*
CHAPOURNETTE, *a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.*
PENCTE, *painted,*
HE AYNEWARDE TOLDE HIS BEDEROLL, *he told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.*
MIST, *poor, needy.*

---

* Gallied is still used in this sense in the country around Bristol.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare* his head with roses dighte.

COPE, *cloak.*
AUTREMETE, *a loose white robe, worn by Priests.*
SHOONE PYKE, *picked shoe.*
HORSE-MILLANARE, *I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed.*

---

* Mr. Steevens has left a curious note upon this word.

One morning, while Mr. Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging, before he found he had left on his table a memorandum book which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it, while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the Charity School on St. Augustine's-Back, where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot however where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his "Excellente Balade of Charitie, as wroten bie the gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie. 1464.

"For the *horse-millanare* his head with roses dighte."

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term, and such a trade had been extant in 1464; but his wonder

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loud tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alass! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.

CROUCHE, *crucifix.* ‖ FAITOUR, *a beggar or vagabond.*

---

would have ceased, had he been convinced as I am, that, in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a Sadler's shop, over which was inscribed A or B (no matter which) HORSE-MILLINER. On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator, stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of *horse-millinary*. We have here perhaps the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an "Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes Convente."

And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde
awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweete Seynete Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of sylver take;

SHETTYNGE, *shooting.*
GLAIRIE, *glaring.*
REYNEYNGE, *running.*

JAPE, *a short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.*
LIMITOURE, *a licensed begging friar.*

The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Vyrgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power.

HALLINE, *joy.*
EATHE, *ease.*
NETE, *nought.*
UNHAILIE, *unhappy.*
SCATHE, *scarce.*
SEMECOPE, *a short under-cloak.*
ABORDE, *went on.*
GLOURE, *glory.*
MITTEE, *mighty, rich.*

Battle of Hastings.

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, *which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.*

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No. 1, *was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title : " Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year* 1465.—*The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No.* 2, *as far as ver.* 530 *incl. with the following title; " Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq." The lines from ver.* 531 *incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.*

BATTLE of HASTINGS.

(No. 1.)

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

TEEMING, *prolific.*
FRUCTUOUS, *useful.*
ENTENDEMENTE, *meaning.*
BRUED, *embrued.*

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn maun's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,

Wote, *knew.*
Geare, *apparel.*
Scond, *abscond from.*

Maten, *morning.*
Sparre, *enclosure.*

Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;

GAGE, *engage in.*
LEEGEMEN, *subjects.*
LODE, *praise.*
DONDE HIS WELKE, *finished his course.*
LURDANES, *Lord Danes.*
EVERICHE, *every one.*

Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde his saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

SAIE, *military cloak.*
AMAYNE, *main force.*
CRISTEDE, *crested.*
ABOUNDE, *benefit.*
GOUSHYNGE, *gushing.*

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams
payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe his freende sleyne piteouslie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde.
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrowe-lede* bene sleyne.

ARROWE-LEDE, *arrow-head.*

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* One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon *lade*, iter. profectiv. Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is mispelled for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable.

Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comlie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his his milkwhite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.*
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

KKNOWLACHED, *known.*
THILK, *such.*
VERITEE, *truth.*

FLAITEN, *terrific.*
ALUSTE, *disengage.*

---

* Mr. Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe:

HENDIE, *hand to hand.*
HEDE, *regarded.*
PROWE, *forehead.*

Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his beaver, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke.

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghtes full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.

SPLETE, *split.*
ASENGLAVE. *lance.*
VENGE, *revenge.*

---

* This word is not known; it occurs again in this poem, l. 423. Chatterton has used it in The Unknown Knight.

So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, hys harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wythe cheryshment did dearlie love;

Weirs, *torrents.*
Affynd, *related.*
Leffed, *left.*

In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge;
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Perdie, *certainly.*

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere wyth all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,
And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

Declynie, *stooping, declination.*
Pole, *crown of his head.*
Besped, *dispatched.*
Sleeve, *clue.*

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;*
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a shadow to a substant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys Harte and lever came out on the launce.

SUBSTANT, *substantial.* ‖ THILK, *such.*

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* The author of the Examination printed at Sherborne remarks thus upon this passage Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard." Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 14 5, at which time the poem is said to have been translated. King Henry 7 was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The yeomen of the Guard were instituted afterwards.

And then retreted for to guarde hys kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose* pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

DENTED, *bruised.*
ADOE, *delay.*
MAUGRE, *notwithstanding.*
LADDEN, *lay.*

---

* The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

As when some ryver with the season raynes
White fomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturnes the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by hym dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

FERSLIE, *furiously.*
LEGEMEN, *subjects.*
ERLIES, *earls.*
OUPHANT, *elfin.*

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilke a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,
Against Erle Edelwarde his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelward he said;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trusty freende!

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny dyd attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwin cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngle their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoones dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode.

Souten, *sought.* ‖ Unwote, *unknown.*

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

The erlie felte de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

DEMASING, *considering.* ‖ UNAKNELL'd, *without the funeral knell*

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente he splete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde:
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;
Where Druids*, auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;

ALOFE, *aloft.* ‖ SARIM'S, *Salisbury's.*

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* Mr Warton argues that this opinion concerning Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot. "The construction of this stupendous pile *by the Druids, as a place of worship*, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries." Dean Milles controverts this in a long note without effect. It only appears that he and the Poet, with the same ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic Divinities.

Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge,
Of Cæsar conquer'd and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the British coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians, stylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thie cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

RENOMED, *renowned.*

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd pourple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

ENTHOGHTE, *thinking.*

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
That splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

VENGOUSLIE, *revengefully.* ‖ MASTIE, *mastiff.*

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's* lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squire then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall ọke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horse and bever han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;

*This is a modern word. Dean Milles justifies it from the antiquity and universality of horse races.

It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he, these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!

STEEMIE, *steeming.*
DRERIE, *dreadful.*
COUGHS, *choughs, or ravens.*

But now I muste do somethyng more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne,
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

HATCH, *pen, or lock.*
GEIR, *turn, or twist.*
BESPED, *dispatched.*
OPTICS, *eyes.*

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;

SMORE, *besmeared.*
ELETTEN, *alighted.*
SLEYEN, *slain.*

WIGHTE, *person.*
VILLEN, *vassal, peasant.*

Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there did lie,
While life and dethe strove for masterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;

Hove, *heaved.*
Clinie, *inclination.*
Scritch'd, *shrieked.*
Bethoghte, *thinking.*

But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and boddie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;

YCLEPD, *called.*
SECK, *suck.*
HERBIES, *herbs.*

And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten by Walleris cruel darte;
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
*For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

* This couplet has occurred before, line 229 of this poem.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte;
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;
A bear skin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws:
*So Hercules, 'tis sunge much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

AGHASTE, *terrified.* ‖ TYTEND, *tightened.*

---

* And then about his shoulders broad he threw
A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;

Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him so horrible did see
Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Spenser. Muiopotmos.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
  His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
  In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd his eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
  As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
  To dryve an oke into unfallow'd grounde,

HARTE-SWEFTE, *twift as deer.* ‖ HUGIE, *huge.*

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier.
His visage was turned round unto his backe.

Golphe, *pit.*
Battone, *beat him.*
Gier, *twist*

Backe to his harte retyr'd the uſeless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying pangs he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie Siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.

List, *concern.*

Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward dyd the Siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a mischaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flatt upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward dyd ypass:
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

Lethal, *deadly*.

And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * * * *

BATTLE of HASTINGS.

(No. 2.)

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe to
pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,

ADIGNE, *noble.* ‖ WOTTED, *knew.*

She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied.*

VERNAGE, *a sort of wine.*
HYNDE, *peasant.*
HEIDEIGNES, *dances.*

* The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and dauncing, not sleeping one winke: on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledging their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the Lord's body.
Stowe.

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills half a score:
And search how farre oure foeman's campe dothe bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battle to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilward dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and loudlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;

Wites, *people.*
Rede, *wisdom.*
Ore, *other.*
Depicted, *painted.*

Gyrthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled
hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokinge
curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,
Not once theie stoode abashd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;
*Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;

PROTO-SLENE, *first-slain.*
FLOTTING, *undulating.*
CLEVIS, *cleft.*
BORNE, *brook.*

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-mell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe.
Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye so
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to showe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a chrystians pryde:
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.

ARCUBLASTER, *cross-bow.*
CAS'D, *sheathed.*
VENGYNGE, *revenging.*
DISTRAUGHT, *distracted.*

And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.*
Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on Englysh ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr last,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;

CATIES, *delicacies.*
ENTHOUGHTE, *thought of.*

ASTOWND, *astonished.*

---

* He sent out before them that should spye, and view the number and force of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the Dukes tents, Duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their Lord safe without harme.

Stowe.

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth
rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
dyd sound,
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies.

WANNE, *pale.*
DETRATOURS, *traitors.*
HUSCARLES, *servants.*
SHEPSTER, *shepherd.*
JINTLE, *gentle.*
WIND, *sound.*
BURLED, *armed.*
ADRADDE, *affrighted.*
COISTRELL LAD, *servant.*
TALBOTS, *dogs.*

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and
byllspear shine;
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at
the sounde.

Thus Leofwine; O Women cas'd in stele;
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
Whilst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
deede.

WALSOME, *loathsome.*
TRECHIT, *treachery.*
ARMLACE, *accoutrements for the arms.*
SIKER, *sure.*
SLUGHORNE, *military trumpets.*
ONSETT, *charge.*

You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the manne of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Sussers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.

Rede, *counsel.*
Addawd, *awakened.*
Menged, *mixed troops.*
Memuine, *attendants.*
Anie, *annoy.*

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everich one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd,

BELENT, *at a stop.*
TWA, *twice.*
FHUIR, *fury.*
ALANS, *hounds.*
BEWRATE, *treachery.*
WITES, *men, people.*
AUNTURE, *adventure.*
YCLEPT, *called.*

The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.
When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;

Lyoncels, *young lions.*
Magystrie, *mastery.*
Bested, *contended.*
Askaunte, *obliquely.*

Fay, *faith.*
Fremed, *strange.*
Hallidome, *holy church.*

Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Gyrthe, I'll shewe;
Bie Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
*Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete.

Adigne, *noble.* ‖ Mystell, *miscall.*

---

* Harold asked them what tydings they brought, and they with long commendation extolled the clemencie of the Duke, and in good sadnesse declared that all the host almost did seeme to be Priests.—The King laughing at their folly said, they bee no Priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes and stout of courage. Girthe his brother took the word out of his mouth and said, for as much as the Normans bee of such great force, me thinketh it were not wisely done of you to joyne battle with them.

Stowe.

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.
When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

ARCUBLASTRIES, *cross-bowmen.*
FLO, *arrow.*
ASLNGLAVE, *lances.*
LOVERDS, *lords.*
LIKAND, *choice.*

*He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte.

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
†An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

BIGHES, *jewels.*
MOTTE, *motto.*
EMPRYZE, *undertaking.*
HEST, *command.*

---

* And with the same indiscreetness he drave away a Monke that was Duke William's ambassador. The Monke broughte three offers, to wit, that either Harold should, upon certain conditions, give over the kingdome, or to be King under Duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he offered to stande to the judgement of the See Apostolic.

Stowe.

† The King himself stood afoote by the standard, which was made after the shape and fashion of a man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with gold and precious stones.

Stowe.

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted heaven.

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountayne, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.

Brast, *burst*.

‖ Bourne, *hill, or rock*.

Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
Moore feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre,

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

SLUGHORNES, *war trumpets.*
YREADEN, *made ready.*
JERNIE, *journey.*
GLEDES, *glides.*

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic raysd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whistlynge thro the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,

Manchyn, *sleeve.*
Paizde, *poised.*
Allaie, *stop.*
Scritchyng, *shrieking*
Cuishes, *armour for the thighs.*
Floe, *arrow.*

Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the aire.†

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanched skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle.

FFANCHED, *arched.*

---

† Duke William commanded his men that some of them should shoote directly forward, and other some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped, and the arrowes shot directly aforehand, wounded them that stood upright.

Stowe.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sent hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As he on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;

LEECHE, *physician.*
ADERNE, *dire.*
DREARE, *terrible.*

Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundrynge dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,

PHEON, *spear.*
GLYTTED, *gilded.*
LETHAL, *deadly.*

GEER, *turn.*
GREAVE, *a part of armour.*

Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

Alrick his brother, when he this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethal javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;

Assaie, *make an attempt.*
Distort, *distorted, writhing.*
Borne, *burnished armour.*
Uncothe, *strange.*

Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Sieur de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme so furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

O Alfwolde, saie; howe shalle I synge of thee
Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;

BRASTE, *broke, burst.*
BRONDE, *fury.*
ARBLASTER, *cross-bow.*
FLOE, *arrow.*

How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee, their leader, eche Brystowyanne
foughte;
Lyke thee their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their
fatale wounde.

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did
peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:

Bewrecke, *revenge.*
Nete, *nought.*
Assayle, *attempt.*
Hygra, *bore of the Severn.*
Adventayle, *armor.*
Cuishe, *armor for the thigh.*

Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's
rysyng ray.

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, how harde his
fate
To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge;
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so
stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As witherd okes or elmes are hewne from off the
playne.

GLEEM, *pointed.*
LECKEDST, *cowardiest.*
DESLAVATE, *disloyal.*
BROCH'D, *pointed.*
CRYSTED, *crested.*
BEAVE, *beaver.*

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After-la-
goure,*
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloud bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

LORE, *learning*.
KENNE, *know*.
HABERGEON, *coat of mail*.
BEHIGHT, *name*.

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* The word *Astrologer* used sometimes to be expressed *Asterlagour*; and so it seems to have occurred in this line. Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*; and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name; the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this After-la-gour as a person of science—"most skyll'd after-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems.

Bryant.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwold felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
Howe manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,

KEN'T, *know it.*
BESPRENGE, *spread.*
LEES, *sheep-pasture.*
CREVENT, *coward.*

Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre.
And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;

To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to lyve, and all his foemen bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moon adave;
She was the mightie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,

ADINGE, *worthy.*
GEMOT, *counsel.*
ADAVE, *arose upon.* M. unauthorized.
LAVE, *wash.*

Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,
Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame.
So greie appeard her feetly sparklyng eye;

SKYNE, *sky.*
LYENE, *lies.*
NEW-BRASTE, *newly burst.*
CROKYDE, *curling, crooked.*
FEATLIE, *genteely.*

Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke forthe issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove;
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So Tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.

THRASLARKE, *thrushes.*
ENTENDEMENT, *understanding.*
SHROVE, *shrouded.*
YGROVE, *formed.*

As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe among his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

MYNEMENNE, *miners.*
YLACH'D, *confined.*
BLAZOURS, *praisers.*
DOUGHTIE, *powerful.*

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corne-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokynge slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cut hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,

STREE, *strew, or scatter.*
LEASE, *lose.*
ATHUR, *across.*

He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

Pheone, *spear.* ‖ Mere, *exile.*

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
doth goe.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peerced his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!
He opd and closd his eyen in everlastynge nyghte.

ASTATE, *afraid.*
HATCHMENTS, *caparisons.*
ASTOUNDE, *stunned.*
BESPRENGD, *scattered.*
ENSOOND, *in a swoon.*
STEEMD, *reeked.*

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A mann well skilld in swerde and soundynge strynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peered thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirelie on the prowe;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;

ENSTROTE, *to be punished.*
ASKAUNTE, *slanting.*
CLEVIS, *cleft.*
PROWE, *forehead.*
BRASTED, *burst.*
STECK, *stuck.*

From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

CONTINUED.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis to far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

DERNE, *dreary, melancholy.*
SCANTLIE, *scarcely.*
IWIMPLED, *covered.*
FORREY, *destroy.*

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee could fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

Dightynge, *dressing.*
Scheafted, *adorned with turrets.*
Pheer, *equal.*

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes did
twyne,

LYMED, *smooth.*
BESPRENGED, *scattered.*
BLATAUNTE, *noisy.*
BRONDED, *furious.*
MAYNT, *many.*
POINTEL, *pen.*
SKYEN, *sky.*
SWARTHLESS, *without souls, lifeless.*
PLONCE, *plunge.*

And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwine,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,

WOLSOMME, *loathsome.*
SEMMLIKEEN, *countenance.*
GLAIR, *clear.*
NESHE, *tender.*
BRYON, *wild-vine.*
EGLANTINE, *sweetbrier.*
OURT, *open.*
THIGHT, *closed, consolidated.*
WHAPED, *astonished.*

Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke
chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleeme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee
abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunee,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Swotie, *sweet.*
Mokynge, *mocking, bubbling.*
Enleme, *enlighten.*
Drybblette, *small portion.*
Broched, *pointed.*
Lere, *leather.*

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;

ANLACE, *sword.*
AGLEEME, *shine.*
BREME, *furious.*
CLEEMBE, *sound.*
COUPEYNGE *cutting.*

Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,

BESPRENTE, *scattered.*
AYENWARDE, *backward.*
OLYPHAUNTES, *elephants.*
REDE, *advice.*
TAKEL, *arrow.*

Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,

CALE, *cold.*
BORDELLE, *cottage.*
BELTREYNTS, *sprinkles.*
BOLLEN AVE, *swelling wave.*
ALOFE, *aloft.*
BLENTS, *mixes with.*
STYNTS, *stops.*
CHYNE, *divide.*
AWHAP'D, *astonished.*

To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And said; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Byker, *contest.*
Bewryen, *shew.*
Bronde, *sword.*
Mottrynge, *muttering.*

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of mightie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

DYGHTE, *prepare.*
BURLIE-BRANDE, *armed fury.*
DREE, *drive.*
BEWOPEN, *stupefied.*
ADVENTAYLE, *armor.*
DENTFUL, *indentend.*
LARE, *leather,*

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvyde;
*So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie he falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is with hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * * * *

Bled, gron'd and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the grounde.

STRAUGHT, *stretched out.* || BAWSIN, *huge.*

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* As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.
Pope's Homer.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre he in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As he on horsebock was, and peersd hys gryne,

HYGRA, *bore.*
UGSOM, *terrible.*
CLEEMBE, *noise.*
PROWE, *brow.*
BREMIE, *furious.*
BETREINTED, *sprinkled.*
SWARTHLESS, *lifeless.*
BESPRENTE, *scattered.*
YCLEPD, *called.*
SOTHEN, truth.
GRYNE, *groin.*

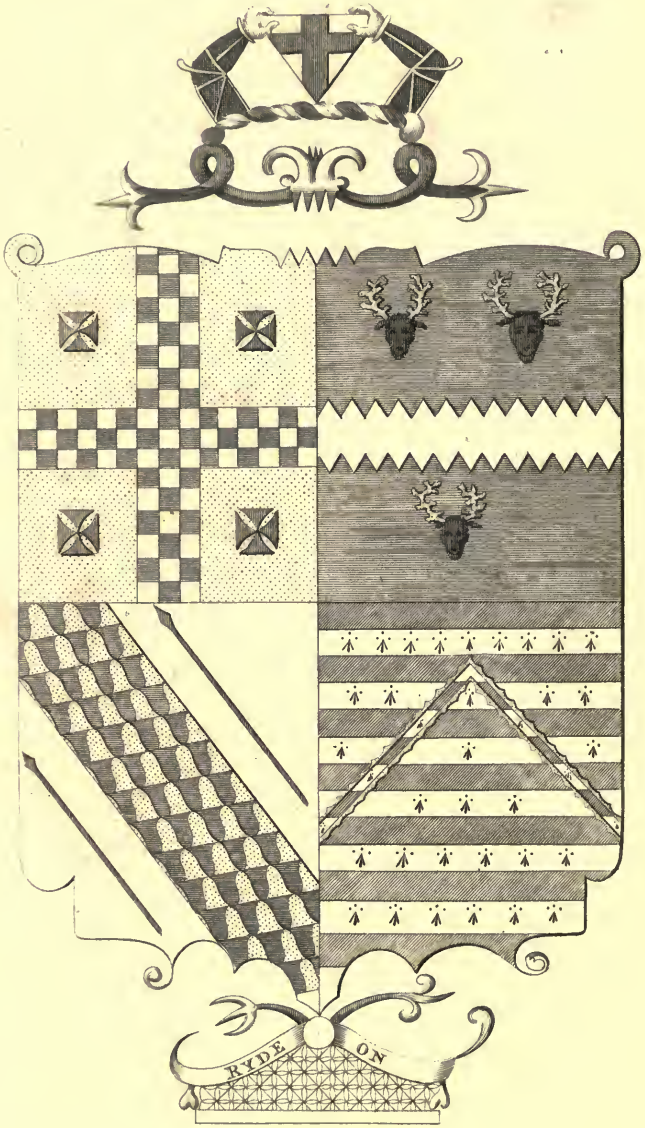
Then upward wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymsyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * * * *

STRE, *straw.*
DREE, *drive.*
BISMARLIE, *curiously.*
ASLAUNTE, *slanting.*
GABERDYNE, *cloak.*
UPRYNE, *lift up.*

THE DE BERGHAM ARMS.



From a Drawing by Chatterton, in the Poſſeſsion of Mr. Cottle.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Family of the De Bergham,

FROM THE

NORMAN CONQUEST

TO THIS TIME.

Collected from original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garters' Records . . , . . by

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr. Cottle.

SOME Account of the De Burgham Pedigree, with a few observations upon it, may not be unacceptable to the Reader.

Mr. Burgum was a Pewterer, of Bristol, and Partner with Mr. George Catcott, (so often referred to in the Rowleian Controversy.) Chatterton was under some slight pecuniary obligations to Mr. Burgum, and calling on him one day, when he was about sixteen years of age, he told him that he had his Pedigree at home, from the time of William the Conqueror, and *informed* him of the many distinguished Families to which he was allied. Mr. Burgum expressed a wish to see this Pedigree, and a few days after Chatterton presented him with the following.

The De Burgham Pedigree, in what ever light it be considered, is an extraordinary production. The following are offered as a few cursory remarks upon it, till the Public shall be presented with a fuller investigation, which the subject amply merits, as it is calculated to throw very important light on ROWLEY'S POEMS, if not *to decide the Controversy.*

Instead of this Pedigree being founded on original, and well-attested documents, as Chatterton affirmed, I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion that the whole is a *fabrication,* and that from the following considerations.

In the first place Chatterton commences the work with an erroneous assertion, No such person as "Simon de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz," came to England with William the conqueror, as appears from an examination of the list of Names, still extant. And in affirming that this Senliz was created Earl of Northampton, by William, after the execution of the former Earl of that name, it is contrary to express and acknowledged Fact*.

Another fundamental Argument against the authenticity of the Manuscript, is this. Altho' Chatterton has ascribed so great respectability and antiquity to the Family of De Burgham, including a succession of Knights, Barronets and Poets, yet no such name is on record as being entitled to *any* Coat of Arms, and which could not have been the case if the De Burghams had been so ancient and honourable a Family.†

Nor are the authorities which Chatterton, cites in support of his assertions entitled to greater credit. We

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* Alwyne, whose lands lay in Warwickshire, in the Reign of Edward the Confessor, had Issue, Turkil, or Turchill, who was the reputed Earl of Warwick, at the time of the Conquest. This Turkil, by his second Wife, had Issue, Osbert de Arden, who was seated at Compton-Wyniate, in the County of Warwick, and took the Sir-name of Compton, from whom the Earls of Northampton descended.

† Before the Revolution, Commissioners, from the Herold's College, proceeded, at stated times, to every County in the Kingdom, and summoned before them all Persons, who had risen in opulence since their last visit, to take out their Coat of Arms. The expense was not inconsiderable, and whoever refused the proposed honour, was obliged, under a penalty, to write his Name in the Survey Book, at the top of which appeared, in legible Characters, "We the undersigned, renounce all claims to the title of Gentlemen!"

have heard of *Oral* tradition, but *Oral Deeds, Writings* and *Tournament Rolls,* are a new and inadmissible species of evidence. And although with many Readers the authority of Rowley may still be deemed legitimate, yet the *Records* of MARCH and GARTER, so often referred to, are absolute non-entities; these titles being applied to *officers* only in different departments of Heraldry, and not to *particular Writings.*

With respect to the emblazonments, which so scrupulously follow the introduction of every new Name, Chatterton, equally exposes himself to detection. The Coats of Arms ascribed to different Individuals throughout the Work, are for the most part, the direct reverse of those which the respective Families have ever borne; independently of which, some are imperfectly defined, and others extravagantly complex. It may be remarked also, that for a long series of real arms, he is too sparing in his embellishments. The Cross, so familiar to the Bearings of the middle ages, he has seldom introduced, as well as Saltiers, Effigies, and Ordinaries, with artificial and Chimerical Figures: and he has made little other use of Celestials, than the occasional introduction of an Estoile.

These omissions, in the opinion of a Heraldrist, without any other evidence, would be a strong presumptive argument against the authenticity of the MS.

There are two Lancashire Families of the Name of Chatterton, but neither of them is entitled to arms, resembling in any respect that ascribed to "RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON." (A most significant and appropriate Name!) The first being, Gules, a Cross Potent Cross'd, Or, and the second, Argent, a Cheveron, Gules, between three Tent Hooks.

Every Reader will remark the great difference between the Emblazonment given to the Family of Chatterton in the De Burgham MS. and that which Chatterton assigns to himself in his WILL.† The former is pompous in the extreme, while the latter is distinguished for its simplicity. There appears however a mistake in it, twice repeated. It begins, "Vest a Fess," which has no meaning, Vest not being an Heraldic term. It should doubtless be read in both instances, "Fess Vert." An error which Chatterton's transcriber might very naturally make.

The same inconsistency also will be found in the Escutcheon given to De Burgham in the MS, and the engraving annexed, (which is taken from a Drawing, curiously painted by Chatterton, on a Piece of Parchment about eight inches square, and which he presented to Mr. Burgham, as a correct copy of his Arms!)

These mistakes and inadvertancies may fairly be attributed to the haste with which the MS. was probably written, designed merely to answer some temporary purpose, and I mention them only to infer that no person would have been exposed to such errors who primarily respected fact, and strictly adhered to authorities.

It appears very evident that Chatterton had paid particular attention to the subject of Heraldry, both from the present publication, as well as from his letter to Ralph Bigland Esq. and some other parts of his Works, but there are few Readers who will not smile when they find the beardless Bard of Bristol gravely telling his Relation Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, Grandson of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, in the eleventh Century !*

† Vol. 3. * Vide Letters, Vol. 3.

With respect to the Authorities which Chatterton gives for his Emblazonments, they will be found to consist merely of a number of names, well known in Heraldry, and, as might be supposed, without any *particular reference*, amongst which frequently appear, March! Garter! and Rowley!

In order to ascertain, in a general way, what portion of Truth was contained in the Pedigree of De Burgham, I have examined several of the works referred to in the margin of the MS. and find, except in one instance, the information pretended to be derived from them wholly unfounded.

This one exception refers to Sir William Moleneux, who is mentioned at nearly the the end of the Manuscript, as having died at Canterbury, on his return from the wars in Spain, in the Year 1372, and at which place he was buried with a latin Inscription. This information and inscription are accurately taken from WEAVER'S FUNERAL MONUMENTS, page 234, and to which Chatterton directs the Reader. But there is collateral evidence that Chatterton was acquainted with this Work, as he refers to it in his account of the Christmas Games, page 87, Vol. 3, of the present Edition.

Several Epitaphs and Paragraphs in old French and Latin will appear in different parts of the following Pedigree; but it should be remarked that Chatterton did not understand what he had thus written, as he uniformly applied for an explanation to Barrett, the Historian of Bristol; and the translations which are given, are accurately printed from *Barrett's hand-writing*, which invariably follows the Latin and French in the original MS.

The Pedigree of the De Burgham Family, will probably illustrate the character of Chatterton, more than any

thing which has yet been published. The preceding remarks it may be presumed will excite reasonable suspicions, and if subsequent inquiries should prove that the whole is a fabrication, it will exhibit Chatterton, to the advocates of Rowley, in a new light, it will demonstrate him to have indulged a peculiar taste for subjects connected with antiquities; it will prove him to have possessed a sound judgment in selecting *names* and incidents, adapted to his purpose; and will exhibit a mind capable of forming a great and intricate plan, on the most slender materials, supported alone by nice arrangement and specious falsehood.

The ingenuity also which Chatterton will have discovered in adopting and applying quotations, from languages which he did not understand, will be very observable, and shew that he not only possessed no ordinary share of perseverance, but a power of assembling the *plausible*, and it may be added, a love, a very PASSION *for imposing on the credulity of others.*

Should this Pedigree be proved to be wholly unfounded, the authenticity of the "Romaunte of the Cnyghte,"* ascribed to JOHN DE BURGHAM, will hardly be contended for, and if Chatterton was equal to these varied and complicated Fogeries, who shall deny him the capability of producing ROWLEY? This is a suggestion which will arise in every unbiassed mind, and impartiality must conclude that they will then be manifestly links of the same chain, distinguished only by their respective magnitudes.

* Page 171, Vol 2.

The publication of the following Pedigree, in the opinion of the author of these remarks, will throw a *conclusive* weight in the Anti-Rowleians' scale. With this accession of strength, they may assume a bolder tone, and with undoubting confidence affirm, that Chatterton must henceforth be regarded as the absolute and unqualified AUTHOR of ROWLEY.*

In identifying the Priest of the 15th Century with the Bard of the 18th, as far as intellect extends, Chatterton must ever be considered as an almost miraculous Being, on whom was showered "The Pomp and Prodigality of Heaven!" Independently of his creative faculty, he is to be recognized as one who seemed intuitively to possess what others imperfectly acquire by labour. All difficulties va-

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* There is a conclusion to be drawn from a line in Chatterton's Will, which I do not recollect to have seen noticed. He says,

"For had I never known the Antique Lore."

What does he mean by "Antique *Lore*?" certainly not transcribing. A School-Boy might have done this. Without doubt he meant that earnest attention to obsolete Language, which was made the foundation of Rowley!

The following is another suspicious circumstance. The Glossary to all Rowley's Poems, was furnished BY CHATTERTON. It is strange that Chatterton should be denied the Power of using Words, the meaning of which he so well understood:

An argument also of great importance is to be deduced from the beginning of one of Chatterton's Letters, to Horace Walpole. He says. "As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's Papers are Genuine."—If Chatterton had ever possessed the Originals of Rowley, it is impossible that he should have doubted concerning their Authenticity; and as the expression "*Now* convinced" implies that he had *before* doubted, the inference is very plain that he never possessed the originals.

nished before him, and every branch of knowledge became familiar to which he momentarily directed his luminous attention.

When we consider the wonderful acquirements of Chatterton, in his short life, the maturity of his understanding, the brilliancy of his fancy, and the accuracy of his taste, the mind indulges in a melancholy but luxurious anticipation of what *another* seventeen years might have produced! But, as it is, he has reared to himself an immortal Cenotaph; and it is high time for the public, with a decisive hand, to pluck the borrowed plumes from a fictitious ROWLEY, and to place them on the brow of a real CHATTERTON. His fame should no longer be divided, but the present generation should boast the honorable distinction of having produced, perhaps, the greatest Genius that ever appeared in the "Tide of Times."

J. C.

Account of the De BERGHAM Family.

Printed, with respect to the references, in the exact form in which Catterton wrote it.

(1) SIMON de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, married Matilda, Daughter of (2) Waltheof,* Earl of Northumberland, Northampton and Huntingdon†. He came into England, with Wm. the Conqueror‡, who after the execution of Waltheof, for high Treason, created him Earl of Northampton in the year of Christ, M.LXXV: by Deed by him granted, it appears he was possessed of Burgham Castle, in Northumberland. He had three Sons, Simon, (3) Nigell de Lea,§ who married Hawisia de Asheton, by whom he had a Son, (4) Normannus, Father of Nigelle de

* Heylin Newbery Creeche.

† Roll of Battle Abbey, 7th in order.

‡ M. Par.

§ Ex Stem: fam: de Lee.

(1) Per Pale indented, Or and Gules. (2) Argent a Lyon Rampt: Azure: a Chief Gules. (3) Bendy Or and Azure, a Pale Counter-changed. (4) A Cheveron between three Gauntletts.

Reigat Anus March 1460

‖ Ex Stemma fam. Sir Johan de Lereches.

* Mss. R. Thoresby, F.R.S.

† Collins,

‡ Ashmole's order of the Garter Page 669.

‖ Collins Thoresby.

§ Mon. Angl. Vol. 1.

* Visit de Cant:

Asheton,(5) Knight, who married ‖Hester de Haroldstan (6) Com: Pem: whose Son, Harrie de Orme,* married (7) Sywarda de Castleton, from whom descended (8) Sir Thomas de Ashton,† Knight Lord of Ashton, whose successor was, Sir Robert de Asheton, his Son and Heir, a Person of great note: for he was Vice Chamberlain to Edward 3d, and by that title was in Commission with others for obtaining a Peace with Charles, King of France.‡ He resided in the West, ‖was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Admiral of the narrow Seas, also Justice of Ireland in 43 of Ed. 3d, and constituted Treasurer of England in 47 Ed. 3d, about which time being in that office, he was appointed,§ with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile, and Leon. Sir Roger de Beaucamp and others of the greatest quality. Grantees* in Trust of divers manors, rents and reversions purchased in Kent by the

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Seagar Norris Camden Guillim Garter March 1460

(5) Sable on Fess Argent, an Estoile Gules. (6) 4th, 1st. Or a Chief indented Azure. 2d. Argent a Lyon Rampt: Gules debrused with a frette parted per Pale, Or a Sable, 3dly. Lozengis Argent and Gules; 4thly. Barrie Bendy Or and Sable. (7) Or a Fess Vert.

King, to enfeoff therewith the Abbey of St. Mary le Grace, near the Tower of London. He was afterwards constituted Constable of Dover Castle,† and was in such esteem and favour with that King, that he appointed him one of the Ex:ors of his last Will and Testament. He was continued in favour in the succeeding Reign, and in the 4th of Richard 2d, was warden of the Cinque Ports.‡ He died the 8th, Richard the 2d. His Son (8) Thomas de Asheton, Father of John Asheton, being then a Knight, served in Parliament 12, Richard 2. As one of the Knights for Lancashire.‖ This Sir John was drowned at Norham, leaving Issue by his Lady, the Daughter of (9) Sir Robert Standish, of Standish, two Sons, 1st, John, and Nicholas, Knight of (10) St. John of Jerusalem in Bristol.§ John de Asheton, the eldest Son, succeeding to the Lordship of Ashton and

† Thoresby

‡ Cotton's Records.

‖ Pryme Brief Register.

§ Rowley's MSS.

(8) (*Omitted in the MS.*) (9) Ermine a Pile Sable. (10) Per Cheveron in Chief three Estoils in Base a Lyon Rampant, t: w.

at the Coronation of Henry 4th, was made Knight of the Bath,* served in Parliament, 12 and 13 Henry 4, 1 and 2 Henry 5, for the County of Landcaster,† and was made Captain and Bailiff of Constance in France as a reward for his services, as appears by several deeds, and the following extracts from the Tournament Books of Qauraster Heralde. "Syr: R: de: Shellie (11)agenst Syr T: de Ashtoune: the which Syr Johan dyd possesse ande houlde Constaunce yn Fraunce as mede for hys vailouros Ach:me:ts." He had two Wives: from his second marriage descended the Ashton's of Middleton, and by his first Wife, (12)Isabelle Daughter of Sir Ralph Elande, of Brighouse in Com: Ebor: who was buried at Wakefield in that County, as the following Inscription testifies. He had 4 Sons and 8 Daughters. The Inscription is as follows.‡

* Collins Nom. Mil: in Coll: Thos Tekyll.

† Pryme

Ex. Her: Bochor: Garter: Ap

Ex Org Penos 7 Ashton

‡ Thoresby.

(11) Or Semie de Shells Sable. (12) Argent Seven Lozenges Varye 3.3.1.

Rougo Dragon

Hic jacet Ossa, Dom: Isabeilae
Asheton miper Uxoris Johis Ashton,
Militis and Mater Willi Mirfield,
Militis obiit tertio Maii 1488.

By which it appears* she had been the Wife of Alan de Mirfield (13)Knight. Her 4 Sons and eight Daugh: by Sir John Asheton, were these, Viz: 1. LUCIA, married 1st. to (14)Sir Richard Byron, 2d. to Sir Bartin Entwiste,(15) and 3d. to Sir Ralph Shirley,(16) Knights. 2 MARY, Wife of (17)Thomas Langley; 3d. CATHARINE, of (18)John Duckenfield Esqrs. 4th. ELIZA-

* Collins.

Ex: 2. Rich. 3d.

Halstead's Geneal:

(13) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Passant' (14) Parted per Bend sinister Crenselled Or and Sable. (15) 6thly. 1st. Or Six Lyoncells Rampant Gules. 2d. Or three Eagles heads erased Sable beaked Gules. 3d. Gules. 4th. Sable a Sheveron Or. Trefoil slipped proper for Difference. 5th. Girronny of 8 Argent and Gules. 6th. as 1st. (16) Or two bars Sable. (17) Argent on a Fess Gules three Grey-Hounds courant of the field. (18) Azure a Buck Trippant Argent wreathed Vert attired Or.

Garter Norroy Suthroy Vol: Clarenci: Garter March 1460.

Ex Coll:

Ex Coll: Rad.

Thoresby

Ex stemua familia Sir Jerv: de Ashton.

Nom: Mil: Bibl: Cotton:

BETH, 1st. of (19)Sir Ralph Harrington, 2d. of (20)Sir Richard de Hammerton, Knights. ANN, of (22)Thomas Birch. MARGARET, of Edmund Talbot:(23) JOAN, of Ranulphe de Dutton and JANE, of John Rochley, of Rochley in Com: Ebor: Esqrs. The Sons were 1st. THOMAS, 2d. (26)ROBERT, 3d. (27)LAURENCE, and 4th. (28)JOHN; whereof Thomas de Asheton, the Eldest succeeded to the Inheritance, and with (29)Sir Edmund de Trafford, Knight, had a Patent from Hen: 6 in the 24th year of his Reign, for the use of Alchymy and converting other metals.

Per Artem sive Scientiam Philosophiæ operari E E: Metalla imperfecta de suo

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By the Art and Science of Philosophy &c. to transmute Metals Imperfect out of their proper kind, and then to

Garter

March

(19) Sable a Frett Or. (20) Vert three Garbs Or. (22) Argent a Cross reguled Sable. (23) Sable three Talbots Or. (24) Or a Chevor between three Gadflies. (25) Azure seven rows three, two, two proper of York. (26) Argent an Estoile Sable. (27) A Rose slipped for difference. (28) A Flour de Lye for difference. (29) Gules three Cheverons Or.

proprio genere, transferre and tuno ea per dictum Artem sive scientiam in aurum sive argentum perfectum transubstantiare ad omnimodas probationes and examinationes, sicut aliquod Aurum sive Argentum in aliqua minera crescens expectandum and indurandum.

This THOMAS left issue four Sons. 1st. John. 2d. (1) Edward Ashton, of Chatterton in Com: Lanc: in the right of his Wife, the Daughter and Heir of (2) RADCLIFF

Dugdale's Baron: Cotton wids: Rot: fin: 9 H. 6.

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transmute them into Gold perfect or Silver, according to all kinds of proofs and examinations, so that some Gold or Silver, growing into some Metal, be expected and harden'd by it.

N. B. This and the succeeding translations are in Barrett's hand Writing, in the MS.

(1) Argent three Estoiles Sable. (2) 12thly. 1st. Or a Fess Vert. 2d. Gules two bends one Or the other Argent 3d. Or a Pheon Azure 4th. Ermine a Lyon Rampt: Gules. 5th. Or a Pale Gules. 6th. Argent a Cross varey Sable and Or. 7th. Argent two bars Argent a border Engrailed sable, 8th. Gules a Saltier Argent, 9th. Barry of 6 Argent and Azure. 10th. Or three Lyons passant Sable, 11th. Gules a Fess Checky Or & Az. 12, Or an Annulet 9.6.7 difference.

Garter March 1160.

Ex Coll: Rob. Dodsw. in Bibl. Bodl. Clause de cod Am Fin: lev: Stow's Chron: Nom: Equit in B. C

DE CHATTERTON of Chatterton, the Heir General of many Families. 3d. (5) Geoffrey Ashton of Shipley, in right of his Wife, Heir of Shipley. 4th. (6) Nicholas, who married Mary, Daughter of (7) Lord Brook, was called to the degree of a Sergeant at Law. (6) 21. Hen. 6, and the fist in the call, also in the 23d. year of the same King's Reign, constituted one of the Justices of the bench. John the eldest Brother was concerned in the Wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, and taking part with Henry, was with him in the fatal Battle of Northampton, 10 July 1460, and with eight more before the Engagement received the honour of Knighthood.* He left Issue, Sir Thomas Asheton, of Asheton, who was knighted at Rippon, 7 Hen. 7, and dying about 8 Hen. 8, without Heirs Male, his Estate devolved upon his Daughters and Coheirs, who were married into the Families of

* Nom Mil· egused: Rh In Coll: Thos Tekyl Pred:

Ashmole

Creeche

(N. B. No Emblazonments given to No's. 5, 6, 7, and 6 in the Text.)

1st Houghton, (1) of Houghton Tower Ashton, of Barton in Com: Lanc: and 2 Booth (2) of Dunham-Massey in Com: Cest: . . . . Having ended the direct Male Line of the Ashtons, we will slightly pass over the Ashtons of Middleton. — Sir Ralph, Son of Sir John Ashton, married Margaret Barton,(3) was afterwards Knight* Marshall of England, Sherr:†of York, Knt.‡Banneret,‖ Vice Constable§ of England. He had Daughters inter-

* Awarded so by Ed: 4. also Lieutenant of the Tower.

† 13&14 Ed: 4.

‡ Cw: by R D D of Glocest in th field 14 and 2.

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(1) 12thly. 1, Sable three bars Argent. 2d. Or two Bulls Passant Gules. 3d. Azure a Cross Argent. 4th. Ermine a Fess Azure. 5th. Argent a Maunch Sable 6th. Or a Fess Vert. 7th. Gyronny of 10 Or and Sable. 8th. Argent Sem. 7 de Crosses Patee S. 9th. Gules 6 Garbs 321 Or. 10th. Arg. three Lyons Couchant Gules 11th. Argent Billettee Sable, 12th. Ar three Barrs wavy Azure between 9 Flower de Luces Gules. Camden Seager Garter March

(2) 4th. 1st. Or three Boars' heads couped azure. 2d. Argent 12 Bars gemells Azure. 3d, Ermine a Lyon Rampant Sable. 4th. Barry of 6 Argent and Gules on a Chief Azure three Besants, (3) Gules. March Garter 1460

§ The Deed by which he was made Vice Constable runs thus: Ashmole Seager Camden Tower Records

Ordinavimus vos hac Vice Constabularium Nostrum Anglice ac Commissionarium nostrum and ad audiendum

Collins
Ashmole
March

married with the (4) Talbots, (5) Hasfield, (6) Cowton, (7) Woodthorp, whose family and issue quartered, (8) Hopwood, (9) Laurence, (10) Radcliff, (11) Holt, (12) Holland.

Collins

Richard Asheton, was Knighted by Henry the 8th. In a window in Middleton Church is this memorial for him.

Wev: Fu:

Orate pro bono statii Richardi Asheton,

& examinandum ac procedendum contra quascunq: personas de Crimine lesœ nostra regiœ Majestatis suspectas ———

We ordain you, by this, our Vice Constable of England, and our Commissioner to hear, examine, and proceed against all Persons suspected of the Crime of Disloyalty to us.

Garter
March
1460
Camden
Seagar
Garter
March

(4) Or three Talbots' heads erased Azure. (5) Per Perfess. 1st. Argent a Lyon saliant purpure languid Gules vulned in the breast with an arrow Azure barbed Vert. 2d. Or three Bars Sable. (6) Gules a Bend Or. (7) Argent a Cat-a-mountain Gules. (8) Sable a Lyon Passant regardant Or on a Chief Gules a Leopard's Face Argent. (9) Or Cheveron between three Nags courant Azure in the dexter Canton an Inescutcheon argent charged with a Cinquefoil Vert. (10) Per Fess Argent and Gules. (11) Ermine a Cross Or. (12) Argent a Border Gules.

eorum qui hanc fenestram fieri fecerunt quorum arma Imagines supra Ostenduntur, Anno Dom. MCCCCCX.

per Femmed (13)Crew and (14)Foulshurst. From him the quarterings were, (15)Strickland, (16)Southworth, (17)Gerrad, (18)Wood, (19)Ewwood, (20)Davenport, (21)Bellingham, (22)Houghton. Ashmole Collins

The third Son of Simon de Senlize, Earl of Northampton, was (23)Hugh Fitz Simon,* who held lands in the County of Chester, by doing† homage to Hugh (24)Lupus, Earl of Chester. He married (25)Agnes de Apele- * Creeche. † Annals of Chester Saxon Chron:

(13) Azure three Hippotames naisant Or. (14) 3 Oak leaves slipped between a Cheveron. (15) Ermine a Chief Or Gules. (16) Argent a Cross engrailed Sable between Four Lozenges Vert. (17) Or three Bucks Azure between a Fess Gules. (18) Argent an Oak Tree Vert. (19) Per Cheveron, 1st Argent, Three Fermoulxes Sable. 2d. Gules three Palets Or. (20) Gules on a Bend Or a Spear Sable. (21) Argent three Bugle Horns Sable, garnished Or. (22) Sable three Bars Argent. (23) Argent Per Fess . . . Sable. (24) Or a Wolf's head erased Gules. (25) Quarterly Or and Gules. March Rowley Garter Garter March Rowley.

‡ Ex Stema de Wyndh

dorecombe,‡ but he died without issue. He

‖ Oral

was Witness‖ to a Deed, granted by Hugh Lupus to the Monks of Chester. 13 Will: Con:

§ Heylin

Bacon

Fam:

He was buried§ at Appledorcomb, with this Inscription—Hugo fil: Com: Northam: He lies on his back, in a martial habit, having his shield—parted per Bend indented. His Wife Agnes was buried by him, though without any Monument.

Simon, eldest Son of the said Simon de St. Lys, Earl of Northampton, had a Son, Alan, surnamed de Bellingham, from the place

* Leland

Collins,

Annals of

Richd: 1

of his birth.* This Alan, lived in the reign of William Rufus, from whom descended Eudo de Bellingham, Sheriff of Westmoreland, 8 & 9. R: 1, before that Sheriffdom was made hereditary. Henry de Bellingham, knighted by Lord Clifford, 39 Hen: 6, at Wakefield, who was Father to Sir Roger Bellingham, made Knight Banneret, and the present Bellingham Knight, Baronets, and quartering — (1) Bourished, (2) Tunstall,

Stowe

Leland

Baker

Garter

(1) Argent a Bull passant Gules hoofed Or. (2) Or between a Fess Daucetty Sable two Cat-a-Mountains' Ermine.

(3) Dolioll, (4) Loybourne, (5) Heton, (6) Thornburgh, (7) Beck, (8) Curisen.

This Simon de Senliz, notwithstanding the assertions of some Authors to the contrary, was Earl of Northampton in 1105, after his Father's death, he had three Sons, Simon, likewise Earl, John de (9) Tougecestre, and Galfrid de (10) Cawcote. John married Thomasine de (11) Romara, of the Blood of the Earls of Lincoln, from which marriage descended the (11.2d) Egstons, a Knightly Family. Galfrid became a Priest at Durham, Simon, third Earl of that name, Grandson of the last Earl, had two Sons, John de (12) Bernie

Leland
Newbery
Rowley
Garter
March
Annals of Wm. 1. & Wm. Rufus
Original Records in the Tower

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(3) Or a Chief Azure. (4) Argent a Cheveron between three Lizards Vert. (5) Per Bend 1st. Argent three Bars waved Sable. 2d. Or a Wolf Saliant Azure. (6) Or three Ogresses. (7) Per Fess counterchanged Argent and Azure three Lyons Rampant. (8) Gules three Capons Argent. (9) Or a Bear's head couped Gules muzzled Argent. (10) Argent three Leopards Passant Sable spotted Or. (11) Gules 7 Marcils and Semie of Crossletts Or. (11. 2d) Or a Chief Gules. (12) Party Per Pale Gules and Azure a Cross Engrailed Sable.

Rowley
Garter
Rowley
March
Seager

Oral Rec in Bibl: Cott: & Bodl:

and Simon de Senlize. From John descended the Lords, Bernics, who quartered, (1) Wilchingham, (2) Walcot, (3) Guntons, (4) Reedham, (5) Hevingham, (6) Appleton, and (7) Coke. Simon was succeeded in the Earldom by his youngest Son, Simon de Senliz last of the name, Earl of Northampton, who assumed the Corronet MCLXXXIIII. He had a Son by his first Wife (8) Eva, who died in his Infancy, and after married (9) Melicentia de Boion or Bohun, who had a Son and Daughter by her former Husband: but Simon

Heylin Newbery Annals of the Time

Account of Earl of Essex

Garter

(1) Argent a Castle triple towered Gate opened Sable Portcullis down Or.

March

(2) Argent A Cross Quartered Or and Sable.

Rowley

(3) 4thly. 1st. Or a Lyon Rampant Gules,

Acquitain

2d. Gules three Pallets surmounted of a Bend Arg within a border engrailed Or,

Seager

3d. Azure three Crecents Sable

Camden

4th. Or a Fess Vert.

Flower

(4) Or three Reeds Vert between a Fess Crenelled Sable.

Garter

(5) Or two Lyoncels combatant Sable.

Sealer

(6) Argent a Fess Sable between three Apples slipped all proper.

Rowley

(7) Argent on a Bend Gutte de Sange a Man's head erased of the Field between three Fortuexes. (8) Gules between a Cheveron three Crosses partd Argent. (9) Azure a Bend Argent between two Cottizes and six Lyons rampant Or.

Annals of the Earls of Northampton

Dying her issue did not succeed him. Alan de Burgham, Lord of [10]Burgham, or Burgh Castle in Westm: third Son of the said Simon, third Earl of Northampton, married Godreda Fitz Piers, (1159) who quartered [11]Mandeville, Earl of Essex. By her he had one Son, [12]Alan de Burgham, to whom he gave the Lordship of Lyford, which his Father by the following Grant had given him.

Oral Ch: from Hen. 2d. to Sir Ino: de Burgham

Simon de Sancto Lizio omnibus hominibus &c. amicis suis tam Francigenis quam Anglicis, falutem Sciatis me dedisse &c. hac præsenti Charta confirmasse Alano dicto de

Oral now in the Cottonian Library

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(10) Or a Cross Checky Argent and Azure. (11) Per Pale 1st. quarterly Or and Gules a Border Varry. 2d, quarterly Or and Gules. (12) Or a Cross Azure.

Simon de Saint Lyze, to all men and his Friends, as well French as English, sendeth health. —— Know ye that I have given, and by this Charter confirmed to Alan called of Burgham, my Son, for his homage and service, all my land

Burgham filii* meo pro homagio &c. Servites suo terrrmo meam de Lyforde cum omnibus pertinentiis &c. libertatis suis, sibi &c. Heredibus ejus tenendum de me &c. Hœredibus meis libere &c. quiete, honorifica hereditarie—sicut illum ego inter alia recepi ac temie de Donatione &c. munificientia Willielmi Illustrisimi Regis Angliœ pro serviliis quœ pater meus in Conquestu. per servitium dimidæ Partis Feodi duus milit pro omni servitio seculari Ego vero Prœdictus Simon de Sancto Lyzio Hœredes mei prœdictam terram prœ-

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of Lyford, with their appurtenances and liberties, to him and to his Heirs, to be held of me and my Heirs, freely, quietly, honorably, and by Inheritance—as I held it among other things of a Gift and Munificence of Wm. most illustrious King of England, for the services which my Father did for him at the conquest, by the service of a moiety of two Knight's fees for all secular Service. I the foresaid Simon de Saint Lyz, and my Heirs, against all men and

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* Barrett in translating this Grant, has altered, in the MS. the word *filii*, to filio, and also corrected the latin in several other places. But the Editor thought it the most proper to print verbatim as *Chatterton* wrote it.

dicto alano &c. Hœredisus ejus contra omnes homines & femines warrantrœabimus. Hic Testibus Gardino filio Gremoaldo de Brixworth, filio Herwito, filio. Philiberto. Willielmo. Johannis le stronge Ranulphe de Chasteau &c. midtis aliis.

Alen, Son of Alan de Burgham, married Audrie de (1) Burgh, (1181) by whom he had one Son and three Daughters, Audria married to (2) Gaurin Fitz Gaurin Knight, Clare, to Sir (3) Hugo le de Spencer, and Walbury, to (4) Sir Tybbott Poynyngs, Knight. Sir Johan de Burgham, married (5) Radegunda de Morton, (1220) and had a Son Sir Alan de Burgham Knight, who married (6) Eva de

Annals of the Earls of Northamp:

Ex fam: Fitz Warren's Spencer's Poyning's Oral Deeds

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women. These being Witnesses—Gawin the Son, Grimbale de Brixworth. Fitz Herwin, Fitz Phillibert, William, John the Strong, Ralph de Chateau and many others.

(1) Gules 7 Lozenges Vary 3.3.1. (2) Argent three Cinquefoils Vert on an Inescotcheon Gules a Lyon Rampt Or. (3) Quarterly Argent and Gules over all on a Bend Sable an Escallop Or. (4) Argent a Bull passant Sable. (5) Or an Eagle displayed Sable vulned in the breast with an Arrow, Gules feathered Argent. (6) Or a Rowell Sable.

Garter

March

Rowley

Ex fam: Tho. Rowleie Sai and Thorpe and Aulstone Fitz Hugh Deed of Gift.

Rouggilie (1260) and had three Sons. Sir John, Alan, and Guaryn, or Warrin, and four Daughters, married 1st.. Joan, to Sir (7) John de Thorpe, Margerie, to (8) Sir Lodovicke (8) Aulston, Ellinoure, to (9) Hugh Fitz Hugh, and Emma to (10) Edwarde de Ashbie.

Garter

March

Rowley

(7) Per fess 1st. Barry of 10 Argent and Azure, 2d. Sable three Lyons Rampant Or. (8) Argent Or a Chief Gules three Plates. (9) Argent a Wolf's head erased Sable. (10) Per Cheveron 1st. Or Six Eaglets displayed Vert, 2d. Gules 10 Besants 4, 3, 2, 1.

[Thus far is written in a Book resembling a Boy's Copy-Book. A second Book of the same size begins with this Title, "Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by Thomas Chatterton." As the account is only brought down to the reign of Charles the 2d. it is evident that Chatterton did not fulfil what he had originally intended.]

CONTINUATION of the ACCOUNT

OF THE

FAMILY of the De BERGHAMS.

Sir John de [1]Burgham, Eldest Son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisiworthe, the Floure of Chivelrie. He spent his whole life in Tilting, tho' he was foiled by [2] Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol. He married Agnes [3] Despencer. As this name comes from Despencer, a Steward, many Families must of course (*have*) had one of the name. That the word became hereditary ..... before the same was neglected for the Word Steward is doubtful. Let us examine the

Oral Deeds Writings. Rowley.

Oral Turna: Record.

Camden's Remains.

Wood

Herne

Rowley

(1) Or Four Crosses Patee purpure between a Checky Cross Argent and azure. (2) Quarterly 1st. Or a Crescent Azure. 2d. Gules three Barry Wavy Argent. 3d. Azure three Talbot's heads erased between a Fess Or. 4th. Argent an Elm proper. (3) 6thly. 1st. Quarterly Argent and Gules over all a Bend Sable. 2d. Azure three Boars passant Or. 3d. Argent a Lyon Couchant Sable. 4th. Gules Gutte de Or. 5th. England depressed with a Bend. 6th. Argent three Formoulxes Sable.

Acquitaine 1293

Camden

Rowley

Garter

March 1460.

Mon: Angl: Newbery Stowe Madox Oral Deeds Rec: Bath Register de Wigorn: In Bibl: Cotton. Doomds: Bk:

Genealogies of Families that go further than that period. (4) Robert de Molins, surnamed De Spencer from his Office, is the first that occurs in our Records. He sat among the Barons assembled in council with William the Conqueror at London, in the 17th Year of his reign 1082. He was a Witness to the Deed, for the removal of the Secular Canons from Durham, and to the Grant of Bath to John Bick$^{n.}$ of Bath. He seized the Lordship of Elmeleigh from the Monks of Worcester as forfeit to the King. He held by office 14 Lordships, by grant to him and his Heirs 22. He married (5) Joane de Pigitonne.

Gevase de Virgorn.

(1) Hugh de Bellace, was surnamed De Spencer, as Steward to King Hen. 1st. He was succeeded in his Office by (2) William de

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Garter March Acquitaine.

(4) Azure a Cross Moline Argent. (5) Or A Lyon Rampant Gules Chained and Collar'd Argent.

(1) Or a Flower de Luce, Sable. (2) Per Fess, 1st. a Lyon Rampant and Chief Gules. 2d. Per Cross Ermine Argent and Sable.

Flaroborough, who possessed the Manors of Flawborough, Woxhill and Elyngdown for Thurston le [3] Abbandon. In the Reign of Hen: 3d. the title Despencer being laid aside for that of Steward, the name of Despencer then became Hereditary. Hugh Despencer was one of the Nobles who took arms in defence of their ancient privileges, in the name of Hen: 3d. and was chosen one of the 12 Arbitrators on the side of the People. In the 44 Hen: 3. he was made Chief Justiciary of England. 48 Hen: 3. he appeared again in arms at Northampton and Lewes, at the latter of which places he took Prisoner Marmaduke de [4] Twenge and [5] Alan de Eive, afterwards Governor of Oreford Castle

Collins
Par:
Stowe
Tower Records
Brady
M. Westm:
M. Par:
His: of Hen: 3.
Pal: Hen. 3d.
Brady
Clarencieux on the ancient Nobility.

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(3) 4thly. 1st. Or three Lioncelles Rampant counterchanged, Per Pale Argent and Azure. 2d. Gules ten Nails, 4.3.2.1. Argent. 3d. Argent three Bulls Passant Azure Hired Or. 4th. Gules a Cross Jerusalem Or. (4) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Gules a Chief Azure. 2d. Or Lyon Gules. 3d. Argent three Roses Proper. 4th. as 1st. (5) Sable three Lozenges between a Fess Murrey.

Seager
Norris
Garter
March
Acquitaine
Camden
Guillim
Porney
Blexgrave
Camden
Seager

in Com: Suff: Castle of the De vies in Wilts. Bernard Castle in Com: Dun: Oxford and Nottingham on account of the Barons. He was one of the 6 Procurators commissioned to treat in the Presents of the King of France, and the Legate of the Apostolic See. He was one of the three Barons who had the care of the King. He married Alive, Daughter of (1) Phillip Basset of Wicomb Com: Bucks, Widow of (2) Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.

Matthew Westm:
M: Par:
Garter
Brady
Dugdale
Mon: Angl:

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(1) 3d. 1st. Argent three Bars Sable. 2d. Party Per Pale Or and Azure a Bend Vary. 3d. Or a Cross Gules. (2) 36th. 1st. Per Pale Or and Vert a Lyon Rampant Gules. 2d. England a Label of 5 Points Argent. 3d. Pale Or and Gules a Cheveron Counterchanged. 4th. Ermine a Fess Gules. 5th. Gules a Cheveron between three Crosses Patee Argent. 6th. Argent between two Bars Sable Charged with three Besants a Lyon Passant Chief three Buck's heads caboshed of the 2d. 7th. Azure Semy Crosses Patee Argent and three Snakes conjoined in Triangles. 8th. Per Pale indented Argent and Azure. 9th. Sable a Manch Argent within a Border Or an Orle of Swords in Saltier Gules. 10th. Sable on a Cross envecked between four Eagles displayed Or five Wolves Passant of the first. 11th. Or three Cat-a-Mountains Sable. 12th. Quarterly Ermine and Gules three Roundleys counterchanged. 13th. Or an Eagle Displayed Vert membered

Camden
Acquitane
Garter
March
Blewmantle
Norroy
Seager
Camden
Norris
Flower
Guillim
Porney
Upton

He was slain at the Battle of Evesham 49 Hen. 7 3. The Story of his Son Hugh Despencer, Earl of Winchester, and Hugh Despencer his Grandson, Earl of Gloucester, are sufficiently known: This Family Quar- | Stowe Stowe Smollet Brady

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and beaked Gules. 14th. Quarterly Or and Gules a Border vary. 15th. Azure a Bend Argent double cotized between 6 Lyons Rampant Or. 16th. Quarterly Argent and Gules a Fess Azure in the 2d, and 3d. a Fess Or. 17th. Gules four Lozengys in Fess Or. 18th. Gules three Lyons Passant gardent Argent incensed Azure. 19th. Gules three Men's Legs armed proper Sable, conjoined in Fess at the upper part of the thigh flexed in Triangles garnished and Spurred Or. 20th. Azure on a Bend Or a Chapeau Sable. 21st. Or three Piles Gules. 22d. Vairo Or and Gules on a Border Azure Eight Horseshoes Argent. 23d. Argent on a Fess Azure Three Lozenges. 24th. Barry Nebule of 6 Argent and Sable on a Chief Or a Buck's head caboshed of the 2d. 25th. Quarterly Or and Gules an Escarbunile Pomies and Flourette Sable. 26th. Gules three rests Or. 27th. Or three Cheverons Gules. 28th. Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable. 29th. Argent three Lozenges in Fess Gules. 30th. Or on a Pale Azure three Flower de Lys of the first. 31st. Or and Gules a Saltier counterchanged. 32d. Sable Six Lyons Rampant Argent. 33d. Gules Two Wings inverted and conjoined Or. 34th. Argent a Bend Sable. 35th. Or a Fess Gules a File of 12 points Argent. 36th. As 1st.

Leigh
Rowley
Acquitaine
Garter
March
Norroy
Charencieux
Blew—
Mantle
Rouge
Cross
Vert
Dragon

Ex. Coll: Ger: Holls Ex Coll: Rad: Thoresby Wood Collins Camden Heylin Collins Dugdale Madox Leland

tered Wentworth, (1) Edmond of Langley (2) Duke of York, Son of Edward 3d. (3) Beauchamp Earl of Worcester, (4) Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Warwick, Another Family of the Despencers, descended from Hugh Despencer, of Great Marlow, whose Son Geofry founded a Monastery at Marlow in Com: Bud: and gave the Church of Bointon to Bridlington Priory. This Family quartered, (1) Bohun, (2) Gerves, (3) Ellendon, (4) Seocolcombe, (8) Pollard, (9) Bade-

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Rouge Dragon Acquitaine

(1) Sable a Cheveron Between 3 Leopards' Faces Or. (2) France and England a Label of difference. (3) Gules a Fess between Six Cross Crosslet. (4) iltr.

March Norroy Camden Flower Norris Seager Bath Bl: Man: Jekyll

(1) Azure on a Bend between two Cotises and Six Lyons Rampt Or three Mulletts Sable. (2) Sable a Lyon Passant Or between three Cushions Ermine. (3) 4thly. 1st. Or three Nags Courant Sable bitted Argent. 2d. Sable 9 Plates between a Fess Or 3d. Azure Three Cherubs in Chief Or. 4th. Vairy Or and Gules a Lyon Azure on a Bend Argent. (4) Or three Leopards Passant Gules and Chief Argent. (8) Ermine a Talbot's head erased Or between two Swords in Bend Gules. (9) 4thly. 1st Sable four Plates between a Cross Argent 2dly. Barry of 10 Or and Azure a Bend Gules. 3d. Argent on a Bend Or three Cinquefoils Vert between three Bucks trippant Gules. 4th. Or a Wolf's head erased Gules.

bie,[10] Lincoln, [11] Worsted, [12] Brown, [13] Wallop, [14] Temple, [15] Cope, [16] Ashby, [17] Poultney, [18] Graunt, [19] Rading, [20] Knightly, [21] Strelly.

Ex fam: Scolcombe Brown Graun & ie. Collins's MS.

This Sir John de Bergham, founded a Monastery at Lyford Green. He had two Sons, Henry and John, also three Daughters. Agnes, married to [1] Sir Robert Cleydon Knight; Emila, to [2] Sir Evelyn de Brog; and Elinour, to Sir Urban [3] Waldon, Knights. Henry after his Father's death,

Dugdale Men: Angl: Nom: Mil: Lomp: Collins

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(10) Barry of 6 Or and Gules a Chief Argent. (11) Ermine Pale Sable between two Lyons Rampant endorsed Argent. (12) Argent on a Fess Sable a Lyon Passant. (13) Gules three Escallops Or. (14) Or a Chief Gules. (15) Argent on a Cheveron three Flower-de-Lys Or between as many Roses slipped all proper. (16) Argent a Bend Gules. (17) Or Semie de Trefoyls slipped proper. (18) Sable a Lyon Passant Argent. (19) Or Two Squirrels addorsed. (20) Barry q 10 Argent and Sable on a Canton Gules a Spur Or. (21) Sable Semis de Escallops Argent.

Thoresby Holles Norroy Camden Acquitaine March Orle

(1) Sable three open Helmes Or. (2) Gules a Sword Sable Pommelled Or. (3) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Ermine between a Cheveron Gules.

Acquitaine Rowley MSS. Bib: Cottonii

Pryn
Rowley

was Knighted and married Ester, the Relict of Sir Richard (4) Burdet, and Daughter of Sir Robert de (5) Snittenfield Knights. (6) John was a Monk of the Cistercian Order in Bristol, as appears by the following Testimonial Letter.

Oral

Universis Sanctæ Matris Ecclesia filiis ad quos præsentes lilleræ pervenarint Cancellarieus Oxoniæ, Cœtusque Magistrorum ejusdem unanimis, salutem in Domino Sempiternam. Quia jucta sententiam scritalis accensa lucerna non est modis supponenda, set super candelabrum erigenda ut omnibus qui in domo

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Call. & Mulen.

(4) Or a Hawke Gules jessed Argent. (5) Argent a Sword in Pale Azure. (6) Or a Cross Cheeky Argent and Azure.

To all Sons of Holy Mother Church to whom these Presents shall come. The Chancellor of Oxford and Society of Masters there being of one mind send health in the Lord, because according to the Word of Truth, a lighted Candle should not be put under a Bushel but be put upright on a Candlestick, that it may shine forth to all who are conversant in the house of the Lord. We are the more devoutly willing that the purity of Manners, the brightness of Knowledge

domine conversantur clarius duceseat: Morum venustatem, scientiæ claritatem, ac odoriferam famœ Suavitatem corum qui inter nos profecorunt efficacius ad communem fidelium noticiam so forventius cupirnus pervenire quo suœ conversacionis maturitas, et laberis assiduites ad Dei lauhem proseimorum salutem Ecclesiæque Sanctoe profectum osidencius tendere dinoscumter Vobis itaque patefacimus per prœcentes quod carrissimus Socios noster et confrater. Magister Johannus de Burgham Monachus Ecclesiæ Beatæ Mariæ de Bristoli. ordinis cisterciensis in dicta universatats nostra fucultatis Theologica

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and the sweetness of the good name of those who have most effectually profited amongst us, should come to the common notice of all the faithful, the more evidently the maturity of their judgment, and assiduity of their employ, to the praise of God and Salvation of their Neighbours, and the promotion of Holy Church are known to tend. We make manifest to you by these presents, that our dear associate and Brother, Master John de Burgham Monk of the Church of the blessed Mary of Bristol, of the Cistercian Order, hath been well and honestly and peaceably conversant

studio insistendo bene honeste ac pacifice conversatus actibus Scolasticis sufficienter probatus ac magistrorum deposicione landabili solemprietor approbatus ad præ-eminenciam Magistralem in dicta fecultate honorifice meruit exaltari et post. Velud Lucerna a Luce vera divinitis illustrata, præclaroe doctrinœ radiis auditores illuminans, formane sua lectura landabiliter continuando procedit prout per noticiam propriam una cum fama celebri referente, plenam recipurnus veritatem Unde ne calumpniancium invidia seu insidianeium excogitata malicia tantæ profectionis & honestatis lux splendida periat quin

---

in our said University, in the Study of Divinity sufficiently proved in Scholastic Arts, and solemnly approved by the laudible Deposition of the Master's, and has deserved to be honourably exalted in the faculty of the preeminence of a Mastership, and afterwards as a Lamp divinely illuminated by the true light, enlightening his hearers by the Rays of his excellent doctrine, he hath proceeded in continuing very laudibly the form of his reading, as by common report and his own celebrated character, We have received full and true Intelligence: Whence, lest, by the Envy of Calumniators, and malice forethought of the Envious, the splended

Pocius cedat aliis in lumen & exemplum ac latius diffundatur ad sui recommendationen & testimonium omnium premissorum eidem magistro Johanno de Burgham Ordinis prælibati Consocio & Confratri nostre has Literas Testimoniales Sigillo communi Universitatis nostra fecciuus consignare Datas Oxoniæ in vigilia Omnium Sanctorum Anno Domini Millesimo bresentisiino tricesimo*.

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light of such proficiency and honesty should perish but rather serve to others for a light and example, and spread far and wide to the recommendation of himself and testimony of all the promises, we have caused these letters, Testimonials to be sealed with the common Seal of our University to the said Master John de Burgham, Fellow of the Order aforesaid, and our Co Brother. Given at Oxford, at the Vigil of all Saints in the Year of our Lord 1330.

* From the inaccuracy of the latin, it appears probable that Chatterton copied it from some badly-written MS.

Bale
Leland
Rowley.

This John, was one of the greatest Ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several Books, and translated some part of the Iliad, under the Title Romance of Troy which possibly may be the Book alluded to in the following French Memoire.

Bale
Leland
Madox
Rowley

" Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes & de Charles: Le Romaunce Titus & Vespasian: Le Romaunce de Aygres: Le Romaunce de Marchaunce: Le Romaunce de Edmund & Agoland: Le Ribaud par Monsieur Iscannus: Le Romaunce de Tibbot de Arable: Le Romaunce de Troys*."

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* A Book which speaks of the four principal actions of Charles: The Romance of Titus Vespatian: The Romance of Aygres: The Romance of Merchandise: The Romance of Edmund and Agoland: The Ribaud, by Mr. Iscamen: The Romance of Tybbot de Arable: The Romance of Troy, &c.

To give you an idea of the Poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320.

[*Here follow, in the MS. the Poem of the* ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE, *printed in Vol. 2, page* 171; *and the same Poem modernised by T. C. printed in the same Volume, page* 174.]

Sir John de Burgham, Son of Sir Henry de Burgam, (1361) married Ela [1] Calvesham, Daughter of Sir Roger de Calvesham, and Alva Becket. This Sir John, together with five Lords and 11 Knights, is Witness to a Deed, from Ralph Nevil Lord of Raby, Earl Marshall and Earl of Westmoreland to Eliel priory. By his Wife Ela he had two Sons, John, and William. But she dying he married a Second, [2] Agnes Osborne: by whom he had three

Dugdale
Hollies
Thoresby
Oral
Halstead's fam: de Mord:

(1) Argent three Pheons between a Cheveron Sable.
(2) Or a Fess Argent and Bend Gules.

Acquitain
March

Powell's Mss. Visitation de Com: Northam Ree: Bibl: Cotton: Eidswicke Rawlinson Chauncey Fines Ed:

Daughters. Hester, married to Limpoldus de (3) Burgh: Elinour to Sir John de (4) Valvasour, Knight, and Ema to Sir William (5) Blaikstoke Knight. John his eldest Son, afterwards a Knight, married (6) Eva Bardolf, Daughter of Lord Bardolf. William his youngest Son, surnamed De Pakington from the place of his birth, married (7) Ann de Felton, Daughter of Sir Thomas son of Sir Thomas Felton, Chief Justice of Chester. This William is mentioned with others in the following Fine.

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(3) Quarterly, 1st. Or three Mascills vary Argent and Azure. 2d. Gules a Lyon passant Or. 3d. Sable a Chief and Border Argent. 4th. Azure three Mural Crowns Argent. (4) Argent a Castle tripple towered Sable. (5) Or three branches slipped and Raguled Sable. (6) Argent 6 Roundles counterchanged Per Pale Gules and Sable. (7) Gules two Lyons Passant Ermine Crowned Or.

Camden

Norroy

Flower

" Philippus de Ingoldsbie Richardus de Oseford Johannes Vincent Rogerus Eyre, Guil: Burgham de Pakington, et Symon filius Williel-mi Brorgensis Rowelleigh fecerunt homagium Dno Regi de Villa Rowelleigh custodienda ad opus Regis & colligenda firmas & alias proventus in eadem villa. cum omnibus exilibus Teste rege apud Northampton."*

Collins Thoresby Dugdale and Leland.

He was Secretary and Treasurer to the Black Prince in Gascoigne and wrote a Chronicle in French, from the 9th of King John to 1380. Some extracts from the Chronicle have been printed at Oxford, in Leland's Collectanea. This William had a Grant for Life from King

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* Phillip de Ingoldsbie, Richard of Oseford, John Vincent, Rogor Eyre, William Burgham, of Pakington, and Simon the Son of William a Burgess, of Rowelleigh, have done homage to our Lord the King, for the Vill: of Rowelleigh, and keeping it to the use of the King, and for collecting the Ferms and other Prophets with all the Rents. Witness the King at Northampton.

Pal: Reg: Ric: 2. Collins Thoresby Hollis Halstead Camden Collins

Rich. 2d, for the Government of the Hospital of St Leonard's at Derby. From him descended Sir John Pakington, Chirographer of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry 7, Sir John Pakington, 25 Eliz. and the present Pakingtons, Barts. They quarter, (1) Kiviliocke, (2) De Valentine, of (4) Ypres, (5) Clevedon, (6) Tiploft, (7) Dudley, (8) Scrope, (9) Bollorgne, (10) Sweetoun, (11) Shockborought, (12) Ausele,

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Acquitaine March Flower Norroy Seager Camden March

(1) Sable in Chief three Mullets Or. (2) Or 6 Garbs three two and one Gules. (3) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Sable on a Bordar Gules 8 Plates. 2d. Or two Wolves counter saliant Sable. 3d. Or three Barrs Wavy counterchanged Per Pale Argent and Azure in Chief a Lyon gardant passant Or. 4th. Gules a Spear in Bend Or between four Scorpions reversed Or. (4) Barry of 10 Argent and Azure an Orle of Martletts Or. (5) Per Fess, 1st, Or a Lyon Passant Gules languid Azure. 2d. Ermine, a Cross Sable. (6) Argent a Saltier engrailed Gules. (7) Sable three Bucks' heads caboshed Or. (8) Sable a Bend Or. (9) Argent a Cheveron between three Bulls' heads couped Gules. (10) Ermine a Fess Or. (11) Per Cheveron Argent and Azure three Torteauxes in Chief. (12) Gules a Lyon Rampant Or languid Azure.

(13) Evevel, (14) Washbourne, (15) Tycheborne, (16) Scudamore, (17) Littleton, (18) Blount, (19) Corbet, (20) Nove, (21) Audley, (22) Baldwin, (23) Bacon, (24) Soames, (25) Constable, (26) Coventry, (27) Eyre, (28) Godfrey, (29) Bertram, (30) Umfravill, (31) Brus, (32) Calthorp, (33) Hengrave, (34) Hartley, (35) Molineux*. Sir

Thoresby
Holles
Tekyll
Seager
Collins
Camden

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(13) Gules a Wyverne Or. (14) Or three Torteauxes. (15) Argent two Lyons Passant Azure. (16) Gules three —— Or. (17) Argent three Pallets varry Or and Sable on a Chief of the 2d a Talbot's head erased Azure. (18) Barry Nobuly Argent and Azure. (19) Or a Raven Close Sable. (20) Gules three Ducal Crowns in Pale Or. (21) Argent. Semies of Crosses Patee Gules. (22) Per Fess 1st Or two Swords in Saltier Gules Pommilled Argent 2d Ermine two Barrs Azure. (23) Gules on a Chief Argent two Mullets Sable. (24) Argent three Pallets Wavy Azure. (25) Quarterly Gules and Vaire over all a Bend Or. (26) Argent a Boar incensed Azure. (27) Azure three Besants in Chief. (28) Argent a Cheveron Or between three Apples Vert. (29) Argent a Goat Saliant Gules Wreathed about the Neck & Horns Vert, (30) Argent a Barulet Gules between 10 Billets Or. (31) Gules a Cross Patee fitched Argent. (32) Or a Cheveron Gules (33) Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable. (34) Barry Or and Sable. (35) Azure a Cross Moliux Or.

Camden
Seager
March
Bath
Acquitaine
March
Camden

* Sir William Molineux, a Person of inimitable Valour, served under the Black Prince at the battle of Navarret in

Collins
Hollis
Dugdale

Henry, Son of the last Sir John De Burgham, was born 1395. He was Cofferer to Henry 5, as appears by his Monument

Norkan
Church

"Orate pro Anima Johanni Burgham M - - - - - Cofferarii Hospitii Excellentissimi Regis Henric quint qui obi- - - - - cia uxor ejus 1451, quorum ani mabus, propitictur Deus"*

Spain, and was there made a Knight Banneret Anno Dom 1369. Returning homewards he died at Canterbury and was there buried with this Epitaph.

> Miles honorificus Molineus subjacet inhis Tertius Edvardus delexit hunc ut amieu Fortia qui gessit, Gallos, Navarrosq. repressit Hic cum recessit morte feriente decessit Anno Milleno trecento Sephiageno Atque hic jimje duo: fic perit omnis Homo.

Molineux, an honourable Knight, lies here within: Edward the 3d, as a Friend, loved him. He did valiant Acts: subdued the Gauls and Navarrs, when he returned. Death striking him, he died, in the Year One thousand three Hundred and seventy two. —— Thus Man Perishes.

* Pray for the soul of John de Burgham, Chief Cofferer of the Alms—or the Almoner to the most excellent King Henry the 5th who died - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Alnicia his Wife died 1451, on whose Souls God have mercy!

He married Alicia, Daughter of Sir Henry Constable, Knight: He accompanied King Henry in all his Wars in France, and was made Knight Banneret, and had the Manor of Leyhforde granted him as a Reward for his faithful services. He had one Son and five Daughters. Alice, married first to (1) Graso de Brailsford Esquire, then to Sir Simon de (2) Tozeill Knight: Agnes, to (3) Sir Geofrie de Dorcombe: Elinoure to Sir Alan de (4) Cobb of Bristol, Merchant, commonly called the Chapman, from his Profession: Emelina to Sir Bertram (5) Blagdon Knight, and Thomasine, 1st to Anthony (6) Lossiff Esq: 2d to Sir Thybbot (7) Waterland, Knight. Sir John the Son took arms on the part of the Yorkists, and

Collins
Tekill
Bath
Chauncey
Rawlinson
Willis
Records
Bale
Rowley
Hollis
Chronicles
Hollis

(1) Argent a Cross Sable between 4 Egresses, (2) Or three Barrs Sable in Chief a Wolf Passant. (3) P. F: Or and Vert a Stag at Gaze Counterchanged of the one and the other. (4) Argent on a Fess Gules three Lyon's between as many Hounds courant. (5) Or three hearts. (6) Barry of 8 Argent and Azure. (7) Sable three Hinds trippant Argent.

Norroy
Clarenci:
Guillim

Dugdale Ex: fam: de la Zouche Willis Willis Nom: Equit: in Bibl.

was slain at the Battle of Saint Alban's, leaving behind him two Sons, John and Henry, by his Wife Radegunda, Daughter of Sir William de [8] Zouch, afterwards Wife of Sir Jeann de [9] Hoylefowle; Sir John de Burgham (last mentioned) and his Brother Henry, went over to Richmond with the party of Lord Stanley, at the Battle of Bosworth: Sir John married Elinoure de [10] Cotton: and Henry was a Sergeant at Law till the Reign of Henry the 8th, Sir John had three Sons, John, William and Thomas, and three Daughters, Elinour, married to Sir Joseph [11] Young, Knight and Banneret. Catherine, to Edward [12] Pedrington, Esq. and Ann, to Emmel [13] Jacques, Esq. John

Cotton's Philpot's Chron:

Porney Macklean Camden Norroy Seager

(8) Argent Six Barrs gemels Gules. (9) Sable on Cheveron Or two Estoils Gules between three fig-leaves Argents. (10) Argent Six Pellets. 3. 2. 1. (11) Quarterly 1st Varry Or and Sable. 2 Gules on a Fess Or Three Torteauxes between as many Long Bows. (12) Argent on a Chief indented Gules an Eagle displayed Or vulned with an Arrow Azure barbed of the Field. (13) Or a Cross Sable.

Burgham, Esq. was a particular Favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and was employed by him in many affairs of consequence. He was the first of his Family who settled in the West. He sold his Estates in Westmoreland & Northamptonshire to purchase others in Gloucestershire. He refused the honor of Knighthood which the Cardinal offered to procure for him. He married Ann [1] Noel, by her he had two Sons, John who died in his infancy, and William. He deceased in 3 Mary, and was buried in St. Leonard's, Eastcheap, Garter King at Arms attending his interment, having this Epitaph.

Philpot

Dugdale

Philpot

All you yatte passe bie
Wit a paternostre and Ave
Ypraie for the soulghys of John Burgham
And Anne hys Wife, 1556.

Weaver's Fun: M:

William Burgham served under Sir Francis Drake, in the memorable year 1588. He justed at the Tournament held in honour of the Queen's accession, and appeared with a

Baldington

Baldington

Howe's Pap: Qu: Eliza:

Camden
Dugdale
Collins
Hollis

train equal to any in the lists, tho' his magnificence on the occasion greatly diminished his fortune, to compensate for which Queen Elizabeth made him Keeper of three Forests in Gloucestershire. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Houndsgate(2) and relict of (3)Sir Evelyn Leigh, who quartered (4)Ridware, (5)Erdswick, (6)Hanbury, (7)Hous, (8)Westley, (9)Catesby, (10)Guildford, (11)Monson, (12)Aremene, (13)Allin, (14)Appledor,

Pryne's
Register

Norroy
March
Norroy
March
Acquitaine
Bath
Acquitaine
Garter
March
Bath
Norroy
Clarinceux
Rouge Drag:

(1) 6thly 1st Argent a Fret Or on a Canton Gules a Rose Argent. 2d Gules three Estoiles Or. 3d Sable on a Bend Argent three Escallops between two Lyons Rampant Or 4, Ermine a Cross Lozengy Argent and Azure on a Canton Gules nowed Or. 5th, Gules a Man Tiger affrontee Argent. 6th, Argent a Lyon Salient. Azure between three Swords Gules pommeled Or (2) Or on a Cheveron Azure two Crescents between three Hounds Saliant of the Field. (3) Quarterly Ermine and Or over all on a Bend Vert a Rowel Argent. (3) Argent on a Cross Sable 5 Estoils Or between four Lyons Rampant regardant Gules Vulned in the Shoulder with a beviled Spear Azure (4) Argent on a Bend Sable three Garbs Or. (5) Or on a Fess Gules a Dolphin Neiant. (6) Mascilly Or and Gules (7) Or a Bend Lozengé. (8) Gules on a Bend Or a Sword of the Field. (9) Sable an Inescotcheon within a border engrailed Argent. (10) Or a Lyon Passant Gules. (11) Azure three Gaberdines Or. (12) Ermine. (13) Sable in Chief two Boar's heads couped Or. (14) Argent a Fess wavy Or.

(15)Arnold, and others. By her he had one Son, William, and deceased 3 James 1st. William his Son married Elizabeth Evans,(16) by whom he had one Son, William, and one Daughter married to Henry Wenham.(17) He deceased 13 Charles the 1st. William his Son, married Mary Walworth,(18) by whom he had one Son, John, who lived in the reign of Charles the 2d, and James the 2d.

Sequestration Book.

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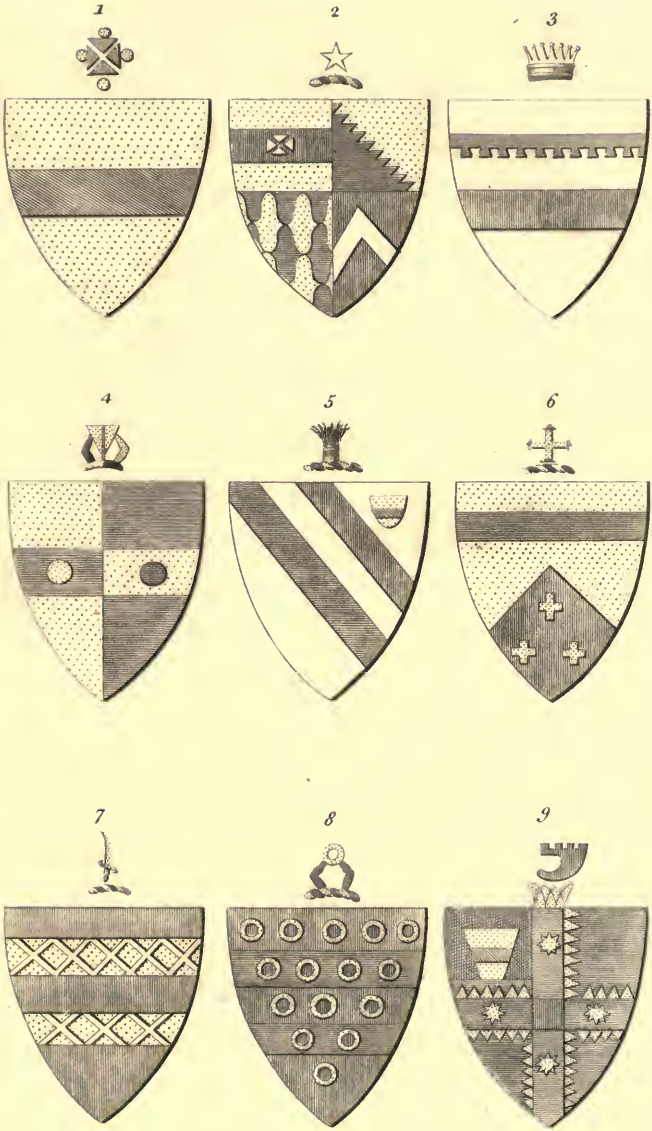
(15) Or 3 Mascils Gules. (16) Or a Lyon Rampant Azure Collared and Chained Argent: (17). Argent A Bull passant Gules attired Or. (18) Argent a Cross Sable between four Torteauxes.

Rouge Cross Blew-Mantle Porney Guiliim

CHATTERTON'S ARMS.



Smith & Bye sc.

Published by Longman & Rees, Nov 1 1802.

DESCRIPTION

OF

CHATTERTON's ARMS.

From Chatterton's hand-writing preserved in the British Museum. Referring to the affixed Plate according to the Numbers.

No. 1. Descended from Sire de Chasteautonne, of the House of Rollo, the 1st Duke of Normandy, and Eveligina, of Ghent. Elall, Dreighton and Syesston, principal Seats of the Chattertons, in Lancashire. Went to Sir Rich. Molineaux, Knight and Banneret, on the Demise of Sir Thomas Chatterton, Knight and Banneret of Elall 13 Henery 4th

No, 2. Syr Syward de Chattertonne, of Draycheloc. 3d of William the 1st, (Collins.) Took this Difference, at the Fortuny of Roene.

No. 3. Saer Baron de Quinsie, Earl of Winchester, 1207. Half brother to Syr Nigell de Chasterton, of Dreton.

No. 4. Syr Waleran Chatterton, surnamed De Ghent. 4th Henry 1st.

No. 5. Eudo de Elall, took by assumption an Inescotcheon of Chatterton—13th Henry 1st.

No. 6. Vevyan Chatterton, Prior of Elall Priory of Assumption.

No. 7. Gualter Baron Fortibus, Cousin to Sir Nigel de Chatterton of Dreton. 2d of Henry 2d.

No. 8. Geofry de Placetis, half brother to Syr Thomas Chatterton, of Elhall, 9th of Stephen.

No. 9. Engebram, Baron Chasteau Revignie, a Norman Lord, Chatterton by assumption.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

CHATTERTON's ARMS.

THE preceding PLATE is copied from nine distinct Escutcheons, painted by Chatterton, as his Family Arms, and which are now preserved in the British Museum. It is possible that these Arms might have been intended as the first materials for tracing his pedigree on the same plan as he had executed Mr. Burgum's.

Few persons in the lower walks of life are able to ascertain their descent for more than a hundred years, and when it is considered that Chatterton's ancestors had been Sextons of Redcliff Church for nearly one hundred and fifty years, we cannot but admire his modesty in ascribing his origin to ROLLO, the first Duke of Normandy, whom the GREAT ALFRED repelled in the ninth century from the shores of Britain, and obliged to seek for an establishment on the coast of France.

Chatterton, in thus fictitiously dignifying his family, by connecting it with Princes and Nobles, was doubtless influenced by some motive, and probably a motive that bore an affinity to that which prompted him to undertake other forgeries, but the nature of which, at this time, we are unable to ascertain. It is however reasonable to believe, that this display of his family honors was designed to answer some

immediate purpose, in which detection was not to be calculated upon, or otherwise he would more scrupulously have guarded against the incongruity of making these latter arms so essentially different from those given in the De Burgum's Pedigree; the one consisting of nine quarterings, the other of twelve, but without the most distant resemblance, except in the first quartering of, Or Fess Vert; which he has uniformly represented to be his Family Arms,* but for which there appears no authority.†

Chatterton seems to have found no difficulty in discovering the precise Arms of any particular person, even so far back as the seventh century; being able, at any time, to determine a point which would puzzle all the heralds in Europe. ‡

It happens unfortunately, that those who discredit Chatterton's Heraldic statements have, in many respects, to prove the negative side of the question, to which only presumptive evidence can be adduced, amounting in the whole to little short of demonstration, yet not so as to prevent tenacious persons from starting some objections, which, though of little weight, may yet be answered with difficulty. The generality of readers will deem the following observations unnecessary; to whom it will almost appear ludicrous that a formal argument should be ad-

* In his Will, Vol. 3, page 453. In his Letter to Mr. Stephens, Vol. 3, page 413. In De Burgum's Pedigree, Vol. 2, page 469; and in the first escutcheon of the annexed Plate.

† See Vol. 2, page 457, at the bottom.

‡ "Camden remarks, that the change of appellation so customary upon accession of feudal property, throws continual obstructions in the progress of a genealogist; and that the consequent confusion of names renders accuracy of deduction hardly to be attained with respect to the earlier times."

vaneed against the reality of these faneiful Arms; there are still, however, many zealous contenders for the truth of Rowley as well as for the veraeity of Chatterton, to whom it is remarked, that the Eseuteheons in the annexed Plate are internally objeetionable, if not absolutely ineonsistent with themselves.

It has been the usual praetiee of Heraldry, for the same family to bear the same Arms, with eertain established *Diffierences;* and the exeeptions which have arisen to this rule eonsist ehiefly of additions, whilst the colour of the Field has commonly remained the same;—the various quarterings to whieh Families are entitled, arising principally from marriages and intermarriages; but here are the Mails of the same Family, who commonly retain, either wholly or in part, their paternal Arms, all possessed of different Eseutcheons, and from the appearanee of whieh the beholder would naturally eonclude that they belonged to totally distinct Families; between whom, a couple of Ineseuteheons form but a shallow union.

A hope is entertained, that it will neither appear irrelevant nor misplaced, by stating one or two arguments, in opposition to Rowley, arising chiefly from the additional evidenee *now* first presented to the Publie.

Whoever elosely examines the Life and Writings of Chatterton, will remark that he seemed to be strikingly influenced by one particular disposition of mind, and that was, through an exeess of ingenuity, in a literary sense, *to impose on the eredulity of others.* This predominant quality elucidates his eharaeter, and is deserving of minute regard by all who attempt to decide on the Rowleian controversy.

1. A *New Bridge* is just completed over the Avon at

Bristol.—Chatterton sends to the printer a description of the passing over the *Old Bridge*, for the first time, in the thirteenth century;* on which occasion two songs are sung by two saints,† of whom nobody ever heard, and in language precisely the same as Rowley's, although he lived two hundred years after the event was said to have taken place!

II. Mr. Burgum is a man attached to Heraldic honours—Chatterton gives him his Pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom! ‡

III. Mr. Burgum is one of the first persons who expresses an opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's Poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and grateful heart, presents him with the "Romaunt of the Cnyghte," a Poem, written by "JOHN DE BERGHAM," one of *his own* ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before;§ and the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same Poem, modernized by himself! ‖

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* Vol. 3, page 66. A bridge was built over the Avon at Bristol, in 1247.

† Vol. 2, pages 152 and 154.

‡ Vol. 2. page 153.

§ Vol. 2, pages 171 and 173.

‖ The Eclogue of "Elinoure and Juga," was first published in the Town and Country Magazine for May, 1769, soon after which there appeared in the same work, a *Modernization* of this Eclogue: on which circumstance Dean Milles thus reasons—"If Chatterton had been the author of the Eclogue of Elinoure and Juga, it is highly improbable that he should at the same time have penned an imitation of it in modern poetry, exerting his best abilities un-

IV. Chatterton wishes to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens, of Salisbury, and, from something which it is possible his keen observation had remarked in Mr. Stephens, he deems it the most effectual way, by informing him that he is descended from Fitz-Stephen,* grandson of the venerable Od, Earl of Blois, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095!†

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der a feigned name, and then attempting to rival himself under another signature, which equally concealed him from the public. This imitation was not subscribed with Chatterton's usual initials, D. B. but professed to be written by W. S. A. aged 16. The short interval between the publication of these two Pieces, the style of Poetry so much resembling Chatterton's other impositions, and the age of the author so accurately pointed out, determine this second Eclogue to be Chatterton's. It was probably written sometime before it was sent to the printer, especially as the original had been at least a twelve months in his possession. The simplicity of Rowley's ideas, the purity, ease, and fluency of his language, might have encouraged this attempt, in which he has so far succeeded, as not only to equal the original, but there wants no better proof of his inferiority to Rowley in point of poetic expression, than to compare the concluding lines of his imitation with those of the original Eclogue."‡ Fair and conclusive reasoning, and to which one only objection can be framed, and that is, that it is not founded on *fact*. The reader will smile on being informed that this imitation, instead of being the production of Chatterton, was written by a WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR! who has since realized the promise of early talent, and for many years past conferred credit on the literature of his country. The imitation, on account of the curious circumstances in which it is involved, is reprinted, at the end of the first Volume, for the gratification of those who might wish to compare the two Poems.

* Vol. 3, page 413.

† I have no means of ascertaining whether Bloys and Holderness were united as foreign titles in the eleventh century, but Bloys was never an English name, and Holderness, at that period, was only a second title to the Earldom of Albemarle.

‡ Milles's Rowley, page 415.

V. Mr. Catcott is a worthy and religious man; and who, from never intending to deceive, suspects no deception in others. Chatterton, who is a skilful engineer, adapts the nature of his attack to the strength of the fortress, and gives him an ancient Fragment of a Sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *wroten* by THOMAS ROWLEY !*

VI. Mr. Barrett is zealous to prove the antiquity of Bristol—as a demonstrable evidence, Chatterton sends him an Escutcheon (on the authority of the same Thomas Rowley) borne by a Saxon, of the name of Ailward,† who resided in *Bristow*, in the year 718 ! ‡

VII. Mr. Barrett is also writing a comprehensive History of Bristol, and is solicitous to obtain all possible infor-

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* It has been suspected that Chatterton was indebted for this fragment of a Sermon, on the "Divinity of the Holy Spirit," to two Sermons, on the "Deity of the Son and Holy Spirit," published by the late *Rev.* CALEB EVANS, *of Bristol*, in the year 1766. The sentiments and language are almost similar. Mr. Evans also quotes *Hermen Witsius*, from the *Exercitationes in Symbolum* in which work is the *very quotation* from SAINT CYPRIAN, which appears in Rowley's Fragment. Chatterton may have seen Witsius, and he might then easily obtain a solution of a particular quotation, and afterwards apply it as he thought proper. His ingenuity was equal to a much greater atchievement than this, although it is possible that he might have obtained the quotation on easier terms.

† Note to the account of Rowley's MSS. Vol. 3. page 503.

‡ Gildas, in the sixth century, distinguishes Bristol by the name of "Caer Brito;" and Camden says that History gives it the name of Bristow for the first time, in the year 1033, when Harold is mentioned, by Florence of Worcester, as having set sail from Bristow, in order to invade Wales. Some writers have contended for a greater antiquity than this, though none (except Rowley) have been so extravagant as to suppose that Caer Brito was changed for Bristow, so early as the year 718!

mation concerning it. Chatterton seizes the opportunity, and presents him, at *different times,* with an account of all the churches and chapels of Bristol, as they appeared three hundred years before,* and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the Castle;†—The whole of this information being unsupported by either document or tradition, and resting alone, on the evidence of "The Gode Prieste, *Thomas Rowley,*" between whom and *Thomas Chatterton,* prejudice itself must allow, there was a great equality of talent, as well as a great similitude of pursuits. They were both Poets, both Antiquarians, and both perpetually adverting to Heraldry.

VIII. Public curiosity and general admiration are excited by translations from the Erse of Ossian—Chatterton, who gave precedence to none in "Catching the manners living as they rise," publishes a succession of Poems from the *Saxon* and *Welch,*‡ indifferent to the inconsistency, or otherwise not aware, that he had professedly translated works, in the *same* style, and with the *same* imagery, from the TEUTONIC and CELTIC, two languages of different origin and genius, and whose poetry, of all their writings, has ever been considered as the most dissimilar.

IX. Mr. Walpole is writing the History of British Painters—Chatterton, (who, to a confidential friend, had before expressed an opinion that it was *possible,* by judicious management, to deceive even this master in antiquities,§) with full confidence, sends him an account of emi-

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* Vol. 3, page 284.

† See Plate, Vol 3, page 497.

‡ Vol. 3.

§ Vol. 3, page 521.

nent "Carvellers" and "Peyncters,"* and informs him of others who once flourished in BRISTOL! but of whom the present inhabitants of Bristol never heard, and who are mortified at having no other evidence of the distinguished honour ascribed to them, than the solemn asseveration of that "something, nothing, not to be defined," Thomas Rowley!

But these are all subordinate deceptions. Chatterton's ambition embraced a larger range, and was circumscribed by no other limit, than, in the person of Rowley, of deceiving the Whole World. And that he succeeded in a great and unaccountable degree, is attested by the voluminous controversies of Antiquarians, Historians and Poets. The object bespoke the comprehension of his mind, and its partial success is a lasting monument of what perseverance may effect when supported by genius.

Another argument of equal magnitude may be deduced from the following consideration. All the Poets, to whose existence Chatterton, at least, was accessary, write in the same harmonious style, and evidence the same superiority of talent. Other Poets, existing in the like or different ages, have ever been distinguished for a diversity of qualities, compounded of imagination, judgment and taste, independently of mere language, which is susceptible of infinite gradations in the scale of excellence, but here are persons, living in different ages, exposed to different circumstances, and expressing different sentiments,

* Vol. 3, page 337.

yet all betraying the same abilities and the same peculiar habits of writing—whether it be

The Abbatte, John, (living in the year	1186)	Vol. 2, p. 136
Carpenter, Bishoppe of Worcester -		Vol. 3, p. 312
Ecca, Bishoppe of Hereforde -	-	Vol. 3, p. 390
Elmar, Bishoppe of Selseie -	-	Vol. 3, p. 391
The Rawfe Chedder Chappmanne	1356	Vol. 2, p. 140
Sir William Canynge* - -	-	Vol. 2. p. 117 120—160 & 325
Maystre John a Iscam -	-	Vol. 2, p. 148
Seyncte Baldwynne - -	1247	Vol. 2, p. 152
Seyncte Warburghe † -	1247	Vol. 2, p. 154
John De Bergham - -	1320	Vol. 2, p. 171
John Ladgate - -	-	Vol. 2, p. 182
Syr Thybbot Gorges, or -	1440	Vol. 2. p. 221
Sir Thomas Rowley! ‡		

And (with the exception of Ladgate) the whole completely unknown to the world till brought forward by Chatterton. Such a fact would be a difficulty infinitely greater than that of ascribing Rowley to a youth of 16 or 17 years of age, who had made "Antique Lore" his peculiar study, and whose mind was impregnated with indisputable and almost unlimited genius. If the adverse opinion were

* William Canynge, Esq. will be found (page 317, Vol. 3) to be metamorphosed into Sir William Canynge, Knight of Jerusalem!

† The ceremony of passing the Bridge, on which occasion this song was sung, took place in the year 1247, although Turgotus, according to Rowley, makes St. Warburghe to have lived in the year 638!

‡ Page 348, Vol. 3. Thomas Rowley, Priest of St. John's, is called Sir Thomas Rowley! and his brother, Sir William Rowley!

correct, it would in future exclude probability from all share in estimating truth and falshood, and necessarily confound the very principles of knowledge.

The most determined advocate of Rowley, will hardly insist upon it that he wrote the various Poems attributed to the preceding characters: and is it not equally extravagant to suppose that they were written by the men to whom they are assigned—who, after having intensely slept for ages, on a sudden burst forth, and form a new and separate constellation in the regions of poetry? And if they were neither written by Rowley, nor by the men to whom they are ascribed, who could have written them but Chatterton? And if Chatterton wrote these, why could he not have written the whole of Rowley, seeing there is a perfect uniformity in the harmony, the language, and the train of sentiment? an association applicable to one person, but physically impossible to all.

This is an argument to which too much importance cannot be attached. It is founded on no subtile and equivocal train of reasoning, but derives its strength from an unquestionable fact, the full force of which is manifest to the plainest capacity. Let the dispassionate inquirer ask himself, whether he thinks it possible for men living in these different ages, from 1186, to the middle of the fifteenth century, to write in a style so characteristically the same. But how easy is the solution when we admit that the person who wrote the first part of the Battle of Hastings, the death of Sir Charles Bawdin, and one imitation of our old Poets, wrote also all the rest.* This is no divided

* Chatterton confessed to Mr. Barrett, that he wrote the first part of the Battle of Hastings." He also acknowledged to his mother and sister that he

and temporising question, it is Rome or Carthage; it is Rowley or Chatterton; and from the new and abundant evidence, with which the public is presented, it is highly probable that the Disserning will form one general phalanx, and concur in declaring that there is neither external or internal evidence to believe that a single line of either the Poetry* or the *Prose*, † ascribed to Rowley, was written by any other than that Prodigy of the eighteenth century——Thomas Chatterton.

The opinion of many, that Chatterton found part of Rowley and invented the rest, is a supposition attended with insurmountable objections, and is never urged but in the absence of better argument; for in the first place, much of the evidence against Rowley bears with equal weight against this sentiment; in the second place, he who could write half could have written the whole; and in the third and principal place, there are no inequalities in the Poems, no dissimilar and incongruous parts, but all is regular and consistent, and without the appearance of even verbal in-

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wrote the "Death of Sir Charles Bawdin,"** and the Poem on Our Lady's Church; the "Imitation of our Old Poets," is confessedly modern.

Of the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, which Chatterton confessed to have written, Dean Milles says, "that a greater variety of internal proofs may be produced for its authenticity than for that of any other Piece in the whole collection."††

* For an Account of Rowley's original MSS. see Vol. 3, page 497.

† Some of the DEEDS in the third Volume will be found to be written in *Modern English!* We may suppose that these were designed to be *filled up*, like a *Painter's Sketch*, at a convenient opportunity.

** See Mrs. Newton's Letter, Vol. 3, page 524.

†† Milles' Edition of Rowley, page 321.

terpolation. Whoever examines the beautiful Tragedy of Ella, will find an accurate adjustment of plan, which precludes the possibility of its having been matured by different persons at the distance of centuries; and with respect to the structure of the language, it is incontrovertibly modern, as well as uniform with itself, and exhibits the most perfect specimens of harmony; which cannot be interrupted by slight orthographical *excrescences*, or the sprinkling of a few uncouth and incongruous words.

There appears good evidence to believe that Chatterton found old parchments, relating, it may be supposed, expressly to Redcliff Church (though even these have not been exhibited) and which may originally have turned the tide of his attention to "Antique Lore." This direction of his mind, connected with his inveterate proneness to impose on others, and supported as he was by talents that have scarcely been equalled, reduces the magnified wonder, and presents an easy solution to every difficulty.

There is still another class, with whom the great argument for espousing Rowley, is, the difficulty of conceiving that Poems, so excellent, should have been written by an uneducated youth. This objection is plausible and imposing, and at the first view appears insuperable; but such persons do not consider that *this* youth was a comet in the hemisphere of genius, ordained sometimes to illuminate the world with its miraculous splendor, and which then retires for ages, whilst an admiring nation observes the irruption in the order of things, and is lost in the contemplation of its unknown laws.

The reader will permit his recollection to be recalled once more to the two Pedigrees of De Bergham and De Chatterton. These are of the first importance, as they exhibit

unquestionable proof of that *radical* tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing Plausible Fictions (the grand key to his character!) and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority. These additional proofs of his *creative* faculty, connected with that body of diversified anti-rowleian evidence already before the public, can leave a doubt on few minds, but that Chatterton possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those pre-eminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of Rowley.

J. C.

GLOSSARY.*

A

ABESSIE, *humility*, C.
Aborne, *burnished*, C.
Abounde, *do service, or benefit.*
Abounе, *make ready*, C.
Abredynge, *upbraiding.* C.
Abrewe, *brew.*
Abrodden, *abrubtly*, C.
Acale, *freeze*, C.
Accaie, *asswage*, C
Acheke, *choke*, C.
Achevments, *services*, C
Achments, *atchievements*, C.
Acome, *come.*
Acrool, *faintly.* C
Adave, *dawned upon.*
Adawe, *awake.*
Adeene, *worthily.*
Adente *fastened.* C.
Adented, *fastened, annexed*, C.
Adented, *indented, bruised.*
Aderne, *cruel, fierce.*
Adigne, *noble, worthy.*
Adoe, *delay.*
Adradde, *afraid.*
Adrames, *churls*, C.
Adrewe, *drew.*
Adventaile, *armour*, C.
Adygne, *nervous* ; *worthy of praise*, C.
Æterne, *eternal.*
Affere, *to affright or terrify.*
Affraie, *affright.* C.
Affraie, *to fight, or engage in a fray.* C
Affynd, *related by marriage.*
Afleme, as *fleme* ; to drive away, to affright.
After la goure, should probably be *astrelagour* ; astrologer.
Agested, *heaped up.*
Agguylte, *offended.*
Agleeme, *to shine upon.*
Agrame *grievance.* C
Agreme, *torture*, C.
Agreme, *grievance*, C.
Agrosed, *agrised* ; *terrified.*
Agroted, See *groted.*
Agylted *offended*, C
Aidens, *aidance.*
Aiglintine, *sweet-brier.*
Ake, *oak*, C
Alans, *hounds.*
Alatche, *accuse.*
Aledge, *idly.*
Alenge, *along.*
Alest, *lest.*
Alestake, *a may-pole.*
All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour*, C.
Allaie, *was allayed or stopped. Allaie used as a verb neuter.*
Alleyn, *only*, C
Almer, *beggar.* C
Alofe, *aloft.*
Alse, *else.*

* Those words, whose significations were given by Chatterton, have the letter C, affixed to them.

Alyche, *like.* C.
Alyne, *across his shoulders* C.
Alyse, *allow,* C.
Amate, *destroy,* C.
Amayld, *enameled,* C.
Amede, *recompence.*
Ameded, *rewarded,* C.
Amenged, as *menged,* mixed.
Amenused, *diminished,* C.
Ametten, *met with.*
Amield, *ornamented, enameled,* C.
Aminge, *amoug.*
Aneighe, *near.*
Aneste, *against.*
Anente, *against,* C.
Anere, *another,* C.
Anete, *annihilate.*
Anie, as *nie,* nigh.
Anlace, *an ancient sword,* C.
Annethe, *beneath.* C.
Antecedent, *going before.*
Applynges, *grafted trees,* C. *apple-trees.*
Arace, *divest,* C.
Arblaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublastries, *cross-bowmen,*
Ardurous, *burning.*
Aredynge, *thinking. reading.* qu.
Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent.* C.
Arist, *arose,* C.
Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms.*
Armourbrace, *a suit of armour.*
Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow.*
Ascaunce, *disdainfully,* C.
Ascaunse, *obliquely.*
Asenglave, a *lance.*
Askaunte, *obliquely.*
Askaunted, *glanced.*
Aslape, *asleep.*
Aslaunte, *slaunting.*
Aslee, *slide or creep.*
Assayle, *oppose.*
Asseled, *answered,* C.
Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate,* C.
Asswaie, *to assay, put to trial*
Astarte, *started from, or afraid of. Neglected.* qu.
Astedde, *seated,* C.
Astend, *astonish,* C.
Asterte, *neglected,* C.
Astoun, *astonished,* C.
Astounde, *astonish,* C.
Astounded, *astonished.*
Astrodde, *astride, mounted.*
Asyde, perhaps *astyde;* ascended.
Athrowe, *through.*
Athur, as *thurgh;* through, athwart.
Attenes, *at once,* C.
Attoure, *turn,* C.
Attoure, *around.*
Atturne, *to turn.*
Aucthoure, *author.*
Ave, for *eau,* Fr. Water.
Avele, *prevail.*
Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle,* C.
Aumeres, *borders of gold and silver,* &c. C.
Aunture, as *aventure;* adventure.
Aure, *Or,* the colour of gold in heraldry.
Autremere, *a loose white robe, worn by priests,* C.
Awhaped, *astonished,* C.

Aye, *ever, always.*
Aynewarde, *backwards,* C.

B

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable.* C.
Bane, *hurt, damage.*
Bane, *curse.*
Baned, *cursed.*
Bankes, *benches.*
Bante, *cursed.*
Barb'd, *armed.*
Barbde haulle, *hall hung round with armour.*
Barbe, *beard.*
Barbed horse, *covered with armour.*
Baren, for *barren.*
Barganette, *a song or ballad.* C.
Barriere, *confine or boundary.*
Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth.*
Bataunt, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum.* qu.
Battayles, *boats, ships,* Fr.
Batten, *fatten,* C.
Battent, *loudly,* C.
Battently, *loud roaring,* C.
Battone, *beat with sticks,* Fr.
Baubels, *jewels,* C.
Bawsin, *large,* C.
Bayne, *ruin.* C.
Bayre, *brow.* C.
Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*
Beer, *bear.*
Beeveredd, *beaver'd.* C.
Beheste, *command,* C.
Behesteynge, *commanding.* C.
Behight, *name.*
Behylte, *promised,* C.
Behylte, *forbade.*
Behyltren, *hidden.*
Belent, *stopped, at a fault, or stand.*
Beme, *trumpet.*
Bemente, *lament,* C
Benned, *cursed, torment,* C.
Benymmyng, *bereaving,* C.
Berne, *child,* C
Berten, *venomous,* C
Beseies, *becomes,* C
Besprente, *scattered,* C
Bestoiker, *deceiver,* C
Bete, *bid,* C.
Betrassed, *deceived, imposed on,* C.
Betraste, *betrayed,* C.
Bevyle, *break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting,* C.
Bewrecke, *revenge,* C.
Bewreen, *express,* C
Bewryen, *declared, expressed,* C.
Bewryne, *declare,* C.
Bewrynning, *declaring,* C
Bighes, *jewels,* C.
Birlette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head,* C.
Blake, *naked,* C.
Blakied, *naked, original,* C.
Blanche, *white, pure.*
Blaunchie, *white,* C.
Blatauntlie, *loudly,* C.
Blente, *ceased, dead,* C.
Blethe, *bleed,* C.
Blynge, *cease,* C.
Blyn, *cease, stand still,* C.
Boddekin, *body, substance,* C.
Boleynge, *swelling,* C.
Bollengers and Cottes, *different kinds of boats,* C

Boolie, *beloved,* C.
Bordel, *cottage,* C.
Bordelier, *cottager.*
Borne, *burnish,* C
Boun, *make ready,* C.
Bounde, *ready,* C.
Bourne, *boundary, promontory.*
Bourne, *bounded, limited.*
Bowke, Bowkie, *body,* C.
Bowting matche, *contest.*
Bismarelie, *curiously,* C.
Braste, *burst,*
Brasteth, *bursteth,* C.
Brasteynge, *bursting.*
Braunce, *branch.* C.
Braunces *branches.* C
Brauncynge, *branching.*
Brayd, *displayed,* C.
Brayde, *embroider.*
Brayne, *brain, care.*
Brede, *broad.* C.
Bredren, *brethren.*
Breme, *strength,* C.
Breme, *strong,* C.
Bremie, *furious.*
Brende, *burn, consume,* C.
Brendeynge, *flaming.* C.
Bretful, *filled with,* C.
Brionie, *briony, or wild vine.*
Broched, *pointed.*
Bronde, *fury, or sword.*
Brondeynge, *furious.*
Brondeous, *furious,* C.
Brooklette, *rivulet.*
Browded, *embroidered,* C.
Brued, *embrued.*
Brutylle, *brittle, frail.*
Brygandyne, *part of armor.* C
Brynnyng, *declaring,* C.
Burled, *armed,* C.
Burlie bronde, *fury, anger,* C.
Byelecoyle, *bell acueil,* Fr. the name of a personage in the *Roman de la rose,* which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming.*
Byker, *battle.*
Bykrous, *warring,* C.
Bysmare, *bewildered, curious,* C.

C

Cale, *cold.*
Calke, *cast,* C.
Calked, *cast out,* C.
Caltysning, *forbidding,* C
Carnes, *rocks, stones.* Brit.
Castle-stede, *a castle,* C.
Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle.*
Caties, *cates.*
Caytysnede, *binding, enforcing,* C.
Celness, *coldness.*
Chafe, *hot,* C.
Chaftes, *beats, stamps,* C.
Champion, *challenge,* C.
Chaper, *dry, sun burnt,* C.
Chapournette, *a small round hat,* C.
Charie, *dear.*
Cheese, *chuse.*
Chefe, *heat rashness,* C.
Chelandree, *goldfinch,* C.
Cherisaunce, *comfort,* C.
Cherisaunied, *comfortable.*
Cheves, *moves,* C.
Chevysed, *preserved,* C.
Cheynedd, *chained, restricted*
Chirckynge, *a confused noise,* C.
Chop, *an exchange.*
Choppe, *to exchange.*

Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws*
Church-glebe-house, *grave*, C
Chyrche-glebe, *church-yard.*
Clangs, *sounds loud.*
Cleme, *sound*, C.
Cleere, *famous.*
Clefs, *cliffs.*
Cleped, *named.*
Clerche, *clergy.*
Clergyon, *clerk or clergyman*, C.
Clergyon'd, *taught*, C.
Clevis, *cleft of a rock.*
Cleyne, *sound.*
Clinie, *declination of the body*
Clymmynge, *noisy*, C.
Compheeres, *companions*, C.
Congeon, *dwarf*, C.
Contake, *dispute*, C.
Conteins, for *contents.*
Conteke, *confuse; contend with*, C.
Contekions, *contentions*, C.
Cope, *a cloke*, C.
Corteous, *worthy.* C.
Corven, See *ycorven.*
Cotte, *cut.*
Cottes, See *bollengers.*
Cotteynge, *cutting.*
Covent, *convent.*
Coupe, *cut*, C.
Coupynge, *cutting, mangling*
Couraeiers, *horse-coursers*, C.
Coyen, *coy.*
Crased, *broken.*
Cravent, *coward*, C.
Creand, as *recreand.*
Cristede, *crested.*
Croehe, *cross*, C.
Crokynge, *bending.*
Croehed, perhaps *brochet.*
Crokynge, *bending.*
Cross-stone, *monument*, C.
Cryne, *hair*, C.
Cuarr, *quarry.*
Cuishe, *armor for the thigh.*
Cullis-yatte, *portcullis-gate*, C.
Curriedowe, *flatterer.* C.
Cuyen kine, *tender cowes.* C.

D

Dacya, *Denmark.*
Daie brente, *burnt*, C.
Daise eyed, *daisied.*
Damoyselles, *damsels.*
Danke, *damp.*
Dareygne, *attempt, endeavour*, C.
Darklinge, *dark.*
Daygnous, *disdainful*, C.
Deathdoeynge, *murdering.*
Deelynie, *declination.*
Decorn, *carved*, C.
Deene, *glorious, worthy*, C.
Deere, *dire* C.
Defs, *vapours, meteors*, C.
Defayte, *decay*, C.
Defte, *neat, ornamental*, C.
Deigned, *disdained*, C.
Delievretie, *activity*, C.
Dente, See *adente.*
Dented, See *adented.*
Denwere, *doubt*, C.
Denwere, *tremour*, C.
Depeyncte, *paint, display*, C.
Depieted, *painted, or displayed*, C.
Depyetures, *drawings, paintings*, C.
Dequaee, *mangle, destroy*, C.
Dequaced, *sunk, quashed.*
Dere, *hurt, damage*, C.

Derne, *melancholy, terrible.*
Derkynnes, *young deer,*
Dernie, *woeful, lamentable.*
Dernie, *cruel,* C.
Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful.*
Deslavatie, *lechery,* C.
Detratours, *traitors.*
Deysde, *seated on a deis.*
Dheie; *they.*
Dhere, *there.*
Dhereof, *thereof.*
Difficile, *difficult,* C.
Dighte, *drest, arrayed,* C.
Dispande, *expanded.*
Dispente, *expended.*
Dispone, *dispose.*
Divinistre, *divine,* C.
Dolce, *soft, gentle,* C.
Dole, *lamentation* C.
Dolte, *foolish,* C.
Donore, This line should probably be written thus; *O sea-o'erteeming Dovor!*
Dortoure, *a sleeping room,* C.
Dote, perhaps as *dighte.*
Doughtre mere, *d'outre mere* Fr. From beyond sea.
Draffs, *the refuse, or what is cast away.*
Dreare, *dreary.*
Dree, *draw, or drive.*
Dreerie, *dreary, terrible.*
Drefte, *least,* C.
Drenche, *drink,* C.
Drented, *drained,* C.
Dreynected, *drowned,* C.
Dribblete, *small, insignificant,* C.
Drierie, *terrible.*
Drites, *rights, liberties,* C.
Droke, *dry.*
Drocke, *drink,* C.
Droncke, *drank.*
Droorie, *courtship, gallantry.* C.
Drooried, *courted.*
Dulce, as *dolce.*
Duressed, *hardened,* C.
Dyd, should probably be *dyght.*
Dyghte, as *dight.*
Dyghtynge, as *dightynge.*
Dygne, *worthy.* C.
Dygner, *more worthy,* C.
Dynning, *sounding,* C.
Dyspendynge, *expending.*
Dyspense, *expence,* C.
Dysperpellest, *scatterest,* C.
Dysporte, *pleasure,* C.
Dysporteynge, *sporting,* C
Dysportisement, as *dysporte*
Dysregate, *to break connection or fellowship. To degrade.* qu.

E

Edraw, for *ydraw;* Draw.
Eeke, *amplification, exaggeration.*
Efte, *often, again,* C.
Eftsoones, *quickly,* C.
Egederinge, *assembling, gathering,* C.
Eke, *also.* C.
Ele, *help,* C.
Eletten, *enlighten,* C.
Elmen, *elms.*
Elocation, *elocution.*
Elves, *personages, people.*
Emarschalled, *arranged.*
Emblaunched, *whitened.* C.
Embodyde, *thick, stout.* C.
Embowre, *lodge,* C.

Embollen, *swelled, strengthened,* C.
Emburled, *armed,* C.
Emmate, *lessen, decrease,* C.
Emmertleynge, *glittering,* C.
Emmers, *coined money.*
Emprize, *adventure,* C.
Empprize, *enterprize,* C.
Enactynge, *acting.*
Enalse, *embrace,* C.
Encaled, *frozen, cold,* C.
Enchafed, *heated, enraged,* C.
Encheere, *encourage.*
Encontrynge, *encountring.*
Enfouled, *vitiated, polluted.*
Engarlanded, *wearing a garland.*
Engyne, *torture.*
Engyned, *tortured.*
Enharme, *to do harm to.*
Enheedynge, *taking heed.*
Enhele, *heal.*
Enhepe, *add.* C.
Enlefed, *full of leaves.*
Enleme, *enlighten.*
Enlowed, *flamed fired* C.
Enrone, *unsheath.*
Enseme, *to make seams in.*
Ensemeynge, as *seeming.*
Enshone, *shewed.*
Enshoting, *shooting, darting,* C.
Enstrote, *deserving punishment.*
Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in,* C.
Enswote, *sweeten.*
Ensyrke, *encircle.*
Ent, *a purse or bag.* C.
Entendemente, *understanding.*
Enthoghte, *thinking.*
Enthoghte, *thought of.*
Enthoghteynge, *thinking.*
Entremed, *intermixed.*
Entrykeynge, *tricking.*
Entyn, *even.* C.
Enryonnde, *worked with iron.* C.
Eraced, *banished, erazed.*
Erlie, *earl.*
Ermiett's, *hermits,* C.
Erste, *formerly.*
Estande, *for ystande, stand.*
Estells, A corruption of *estoile,* Fr. A star, C.
Estroughted, *stretched out.*
Ethe, *ease,* C.
Ethie, *easy.*
Evalle, *equal,* C.
Eve-merk, *dark evening.*
Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew,* C.
Everichone, *every one.* C.
Everyche, *every.*
Ewbrice, *adultery,* C.
Ewbrycious, *lacivious.*
Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes.*
Eyne syghte, *eye-sight.*

F

Fadre, *father.*
Fage, *tale, jest,* C.
Faie, *faith.*
Faifully, *faithfully,* C.
Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond,* C.
Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat.* See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium.*
Far-kend, *far seen.* C.
Fayre, *clear, innocent.*
Featliest, *most beautiful.*

Federed, *feathered.*
Feere, *fire.*
Feerie, *flaming,* C.
Fele, *feeble,* C.
Felle, *cruel, bad.*
Fellen, *fell* pa. t. sing. qu.
Ferse, *violent, fierce.*
Ferselie, *fiercely.*
Fetelie, *nobly,* C.
Fetive, as *festive.*
Fetyve, *elegant, beautiful.*
Fetyvelie, *elegantly,* C.
Fetyveness, *festiveness.*
Feygne, *willing.*
Feygnes, A corruption of *feints,* C.
Fhuir, *fury.* C.
Fie, *defy,* C.
Flaiten, *horrible, or undulating,* qu.
Flanched, *arched.*
Fleers, *fliers, runaways.*
Fleeting, *flying, passing.*
Fleme, *to terrify.*
Flemed, *frighted,* C.
Flemie, *frightfully.*
Flemeynge, *terrifying.*
Fleurs, *flowers.*
Flizze, *fly,* C.
Floe, *arrow.* C.
Florryschethe, *blooms, flourishes.*
Flott, *float,* C.
Flotting, *floating or undulating.*
FloureScyncte Mary, *marygold.* C.
Flourette, *flower.* C.
Flytted, *fled.*
Foile, *baffle,* C.
Fons, Fonnes, *devices,* C.
Fore, *before.*
Forefend, *forbid.*
Forgard, *lose,* C.
Forletten, *forsaken,* C.
Forloyne, *retreat,* C.
Forroy, *destroy.*
Forreying, *destroying,* C.
Forslagen, *slain,* C.
Forslege, *slay,* C.
Forstraughte, *distracted.*
Forstraughteyng, *distracting,* C.
Forswat, *sun-burnt,* C.
Forweltring, *blasting,* C.
Forwyned, *dried,* C.
Foulke, *people.*
Foury, *fury.*
Fowlyng, *defiling.*
Fraie, *fight.* C.
Fremde, *strange,* C.
Fremded, *frighted,* C.
Fructile, *fruitful.*
Fuired, *furious.*
Furched, *forked.*

G

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour,* C. A cloak.
Gallard, *frighted,* C.
Gare, *cause* C.
Gastness, *ghastliness.*
Gauntlette, *glove.* C.
Gauntlette, *challenging.*
Geare, *apparel, accoutrement.*
Geasonne, *rare, extraordinary, strange.* C.
Geer, *dress.*
Geete, As gite.
Gelten, *guilded.* C.
Gemot, *ouncil.*
Gemote, *assembled.* C.
Gerd, *broke, rent.* C.

Gies, *guides*, C.
Gier, *a turn or twist.*
Gif, *if.* C.
Gites, *robes, mantles.* C.
Glair, *shining, clear.*
Glairie, *clear, shining.*
Glare, *glitter.* C.
Gledes, *glides.*
Gledeynge, *livid.* C.
Gleme, *shine, glimmer.* C.
Glester, *to shine.*
Glestreynge, *shining, glittering.*
Glomb, *frown.* C.
Glommed, *clouded, dejected.* C
Gloure, *glory.* C.
Glowe, *shine, gleam.*
Glytted, *shone, or glided,* qu.
Gore-depycted, *painted with blood.*
Gore-red, *red as blood.*
Gorne, *garden.* C.
Gottes, *drops.*
Gouler, *usurer.*
Goushynge, *gushing.*
Graiebarbes, *grey-beards,* C.
Grange, *liberty of pasture,* C.
Gratche, *apparel.* C.
Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen.* qu.
Gravots, *groves.* C.
Gre, *grow.* C.
Greaves, *a part of armor.*
Grees, *grows.* C.
Greeynge, *growing.*
Grete, *greeted, saluted.*
Groffile, *groveling, mean.*
Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly.*
Groffyshe, *uncivil, rude.*
Gron, *a fen, moor.* C.
Gronfer, *a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire.* C.
Gronfyres, *meteors.* C.
Groted, *swollen.* C.
Gryne, *groin.*
Grypped, *grasped.*
Gule depeyncted, *red painted.* C.
Gule steynct, *red stained.* C.
Guyfts, *gifts, talents.*
Guylde, *assess, tax.*
Guylteynge, *gilding.*
Gye, *a guide,* C.
Gyte, *as gite.*
Gytelles, *mantels,* C.

H

Habergeon, *coat of mail.*
Haile, *happy,* C.
Hailie, *as, haile.*
Halceld, *defeated,* C.
Hallidome, *holy church,* qu.
Hallie, *holy.* C.
Hallie, *wholely.*
Halline, *joy.* C.
Hamlettes, *manors.* C.
Han, *hath.* qu. *had.*
Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed.* C.
Handesword, *back-sword.*
Hantoned, *accustomed.* qu.
Harrie, *harrass.* qu.
Harried, *tost.* C.
Harte of Greece, *a stag.*
Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments.*
Hatchments, *atchievements, coat armour.*
Haveth, *have, hath.*
Havyoure, *behaviour.*
Heafod, *head.* C.

Heavenwere, *heavenward.* C.
Heaulme, *helmet, crown.*
Hecket, *wrapped, closely, covered.* C.
Heckled, *wrapped.*
Hedes, *regards, attends to.*
Heie, *they,* C.
Heideygnes, *a country dance, still practised in the North.* C.
Hele, *help.* C.
Hem, *a contraction of them.* C
Hendie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting.*
Hente, *grasp, hold.* C.
Hentylle, *custom.*
Her, *for their.*
Herehaughtes, *heralds.*
Herehaughtric, *heraldry.* C.
Herselle, *herself.*
Heste, *require, ask.* C.
Heste, *a command.*
Hete, *promised.*
Hight, *named, called.*
Hiltrene, *hidden.* C.
Hiltring, *hilding,* C.
Hoastrie, *inn, or a public house.* C.
Hoistes, *lifts up.*
Hollie, *holy.*
Holtred, *hidden.* qu.
Hommageres, *servants,* C.
Hommeur, *honor, humor.* qu.
Honde poyncte, *index of a clock, marking hour or minute.*
Hopelen, *hopelessness.*
Harrowe, *unseemly, disagreeable.* C.
Hove, *lifted up, threw.*
Houton, *hollow.* C.
Hulstred, *hidden, secret.* C.
Hus, *house.*
Huscarles, *house servants.*
Hyger, the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra.*
Hyghte, *named, called.*
Hylle fyre, *a beacon.*
Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide,* C.
Hylted, *hidden.* C.
Hyltren, *hidden.*
Hynde, *peasant.* C.
Hyndlettes, *servants.*

I

Jade, *to render languid, fatigue.*
Jape, *a short surplice,* &c. C.
Jernie, *journey.*
Jeste, *hoisted, raised.* C.
Ifrete, *devour, destroy.* C.
Ihantend, *accustomed.* C.
Jintle, *for gentle.*
Immengde, *mixed, mingled.*
Impestering, *annoying.* C.
Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness.*
Inhild, *infuse.* C.
Investynge, *cloathing.*
Joice, *juice.* C.
Joice, *juicy.*
Joustedd, *justed.*
Ishad, *broken.* C. *shed,*
Ithink, *think.*
Jubb, *a bottle.* C.
Iwreene, *disclosed.*
Iwimpled, *wrapped up.*
Iwys, *certainly.* C.
Jyned, *joined.*
Jynynge, *joining.*

K

Ken, *see, discover, know.* C.

Kenns, *knows.* C.
Kenne, *know.*
Kepe, *to take care of.*
Keppened, *careful.*
Kerveth, *cutteth, destroyeth.* qu.
Kiste, *coffin.* C.
Kivercled, *the hidden or secret part.* C.
Knite, *joined.*
Knopped, *fastened, chained, congealed.* C.
Knowlache, *knowledge.* C.
Knowlached, *known, distinguished.*
Knowlachynge, *knowledge.* C.
Kynde, *nature.* C.
Kynge coppes, *butterflowers.*

L

Labrynge, *labouring, agitated.*
Ladden, *lay.*
Lare, *leather.*
Laverde, *lord.* C.
Lea, *field,* or *pasture.*
Lease, *lose.*
Leathal, *deadly.* C.
Lechemanne, *physician.*
Leckedst, *most despicable.*
Lecture, *relate,* C.
Lecturn, *subject,* C.
Lecturnyes, *lectures,* C.
Leden, *decreasing,* C.
Leeche, *physician.*
Leege, *homage, obeisance,* C.
Leegefolcke, *subjects,* C.
Leegefull, *lawful,* C.
Leegemen, *subjects.*
Leffed, *left.*
Lege, *law.* C.
Leggen, *lessen, alloy.* C.
Leggende, *alloyed.* C.
Lemanne, *mistress.*
Leme, *lighten up.*
Lemed, *lighted, glistened.* C.
Lemes, *lights, rays.* C.
Lere, *leather.*
Lessel, *a bush, or hedge.* C.
Lete, *still.* C.
Lethalle, *deadly, or death-boding.* C.
Lethlen, *still, dead.* C.
Letten, *church-yard.* C.
Levyn-blasted, *struck with lightning.*
Levyn-mylted, *lightning-melted.* qu.
Levyn--plome, *feathered lightning.*
Levynde, *blasted.* C.
Levynne, *lightning.* C.
Levynne bronde, *flash of lightning.*
Liefe, *choice.*
Liff, *leaf.*
Likand, *liking.*
Limed, *glassy.* C.
Limitoure, *a licensed begging friar.*
Limmed, *glassy reflecting.* C.
Lissedd, *bounded.* C.
Lisseth, *boundeth.* C.
List, *concern, cause to care.*
Listeynge, *listening.*
Lithie, *humble.* C.
Loaste, *loss.*
Locke, *luck, good fortune.*
Lockless, *luckless, unfortunate.*
Lode, *load.*
Lode, *praise, honor.* qu.
Logges, *cottages.* C.

Longe straughte, *far extended, lengthened.*
Lordynge, *standing on their hind legs.* C.
Lore, *learning.* C.
Lote, *lot, fortune.*
Loverde, *lord.* C.
Loughe, *laugh.* C.
Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*
Low, *flame of fire.* C.
Lowes, *flames.* C.
Lowings, *flames.* C.
Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*
Lurdanes, *Lord Danes.*
Lycheynge, *liking.* C.
Lyene, *lye.*
Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*
Lymmed, *polished.* C.
Lynche, *bank.* C.
Lynge, *stay, linger.*
Lyoncelle, *young lyon.* C.
Lyped, *linked, united.* qu.
Lysse, *sport, or play.* C.
Lyssed, *bounded.* C.
Lyvelyhode, *life.* C.

M

Magystrie, *mastery, victory.*
Marvelle, *wonder.* C.
Mancas, *marks.* C. *mancuses.*
Machyn, *a sleeve.* Fr.
Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*
Mate, *match.*
Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*
Maynt, *many.*
Mede, *reward.* C.
Mee, *meadow.* C.
Meeded, *rewarded.*
Melancholych, *melancholy.*
Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*
Menged, *mixed, the many.*
Miniced, *menaced.* qu.
Mennys, *men.*
Mensuredd, *bounded, or measured.* C.
Menynge, *meaning.*
Mere, *lake.* C.
Merke, *dark, and gloomy.*
Merke-plant, *nightshade.* C.
Merker, *darker.*
Merkness, *darkness.*
Merkye, *dark.*
Meve, *move.*
Meynte, *many, great numbers.* C.
Mical, *much, mighty.*
Miesel, *myself.*
Miskynette, *a small bagpipe.* C.
Mist, *poor, needy.* C.
Mitches, *ruins.* C.
Mitte, *a contraction of mighty.* C.
Mittee, *mighty.* C.
Mockler, *more, greater, mightier.*
Moke, *much.* C.
Mokie, *black.* C.
Mokynge, *mocking, murmuring.* qu.
Mole, *soft.* C.
Mollock, *wet, moist.* C.
Molterynge, *mouldy, mouldring.*
Mone, *moon.*
Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*
Morie, *marshy.*
Morthe, *death, murder.*
Morthynge, *murdering.*

Mose, *most.*
Moste, *must.*
Mote, *might.* C.
Motte, *word, or motto.*
Mottring, *muttering, murmuring.*
Myckle, *much.* C.
Mychte, *mighty.*
Myghte amein, *main force.*
Myndbruche, *firmness of mind, sense of honor.* qu.
Mynemenne, *miners.*
Mynsterr, *monastery.* C.
Mynstrelle, *a minstrel is a musician.* C.
Myrynge, *wallowing.*
Mystell, *miscall.*
Mysterk, *mystic.* C.

N

Ne, Le. *not.* C.
Ne, *no, or, none.*
Ne, *nigh, or, nearly.*
Nedere, *adder.* C.
Neete, *night.*
Nesh, *weak, tender.* C.
Nete, *nothing.* C.
Nete, *night.*
Nethe, *beneath.*
Nillynge, *unwilling.* C.
Nome-depeyncted, *rebus'd shields,* &c. C.
Notte, *knot, fasten.*
Notte browne, *nut brown.*
Noyance, *annoyance.*

O.

Oares, *wheries.*
Oathed, *bound upon oath.*
Obaie, *abide.* C.
Offrendes, *presents, offerings.* C.
Olyphauntes, *elephants.* C.
Onflemed, *undismayed.* C.
Onknowlachynge, *ignorant, unknowing.* C.
Onlist, *boundless.* C.
Onlyghte, *darken,* qu.
Ontylle, *untill.*
Onwordie, *unworthy.*
Oppe, *up.*
Optics, *eyes.*
Orrests, *oversets.* C.
Overest, *uppermost.*
Ounde, *wave.*
Oundynge, *undulating, swelling.* qu.
Ouphante, *ouphen, elves.*
Ourt, *overt,* Fr. *open,* qu.
Ouzle, *black bird.* C.
Owlett, *owl.* C.
Owndes, *waves.* C.

P

Paizde, *poised.*
Pall, *contraction from appall to fright.* C.
Paramente, *robes of scarlet,* C. *a princely robe.* C.
Parker, *park-keeper.*
Passente, *passing.*
Passent, *walking leisurely.* C.
Paves, *shields.*
Pavyes, *shields.*
Payrde, *compared.*
Peede, *pied.* C.
Peene, *pain.*
Pencte, *painted.* C.
Penne, *mountain.*
Pensmenne, *writers, historians.* C.
Percase, *perchance.* C.
Perdie, *for a certainty.*
Pere, *pear.*

Pere, *appear.* C.
Pereynge, *appearing, peeping*
Perforce, *of necessity.*
Perpled, *purple,* qu. *scattered, diffused.* qu.
Persante, *piercing.*
Pete, *beat, pluck.* qu.
Peynctedd, *painted.* C.
Pheeres, *fellows, equals.* C.
Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.*
Piete, *picture.* C.
Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts.* C.
Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit.*
Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing.*
Plies, *sounds.* C.
Plonce, *plunge.*
Pole, *the crown of the head.*
Pouche, *purse.*
Poyntelle, *a pen,* &c. C.
Pre, *to prey.*
Pre, *prey.*
Preche, *preach, exhort, recommend.*
Preestschyppe, *priesthood.*
Prevyd, *hardy, valorous.* C.
Proto-slene, *first slain.*
Prowe, *forehead.*
Prowes, *might, power.* C.
Puerilitie, *childhood.*
Pyghte, *pitched, or bent down, settled.* C.
Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures.* C.
Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

Q

Quacedd, *vanquished.* C.
Quansed, *stilled, quenched.* C.
Quayntyssed, *curiously devised.* C.
Queede, *the evil one, the devil.*
Quent, *quaint, strange,*

R

Rampynge, *furious.*
Receivure, *receipt.*
Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice.*
Reeer, *for racer.*
Reddoure, *violence.* C.
Rede, *wisdom.* C.
Reded, *counselled,* C.
Redeynge, *advice.*
Regrate, *esteem, favour.* C.
Reine, *run.* C.
Rele, *wave.* C.
Reles, *waves.* C.
Rennomde, *honored, renowned.*
Rennome, *honor, glory.* C.
Requiem, *a service used over the dead.* C.
Responsed, *answered.*
Rewynde, *ruined.*
Reyne, *run.* C.
Reynynge, *running.* C.
Reytes, *water-flags.* C.
Ribaude, *rake, lewd person.*
Ribbande geere, *ornaments of ribbands.*
Ribible, *violin.* C.
Riese, *rise.*
Riped, *ripened*
Rodded, *reddened.* C.
Roddie, *red.*
Roddie levynne, *red lightning.* C.
Rode, *complexion.* C.

Roder, *rider, traveller.*
Rodeynge, *riding.*
Roghlynge, *rolling.* C.
Rostlynge, *rustling.*
Rou, *horrid, grim.* C.
Rouncy, *cart-horse.* C.
Royn, *ruin.*
Royner, *ruiner.*
Rynde, *ruined.*
Ryne, *run.*

S

Sabalus, *the devil.* C.
Sabbataners, *booted soldiers.*
Sable, *black in heraldry.*
Sable, *blacken.* C.
Sable, *darkness.*
Sable, *black.*
Sai, *sagum, military cloak.*
Sanguen, *bloody.*
Sarim's plain, *Salisbury plain*
Sayld, *assailed.*
Scalle, *shall.* C.
Scante, *scarce.* C.
Scantillie, *scarcely, sparingly.* C.
Scarpes, *scarfs.* C.
Scarre, *mark.*
Scethe, *hurt, damage.* C.
Scathe, *scarce.*
Scaunce-layd, *uneven.*
Scauncing, *glancing, or looking obliquely.*
Scethe, *damage, mischief.* C.
Schaftes, *shafts, arrows.*
Scheafted, *adorned with turrets.*
Scille, *gather.* C.
Scillye, *closely.* C.
Scolles, *sholes,*
Seck, *suck.*
Seeled, *closed.* C.
Seere, *search.* C.
Selke, *silk.*
Selynesse, *happiness.* C.
Semblamente, *appearance.*
Semblate, *appearance.*
Seme, *seed.* C.
Semecope, *a short under cloke.* C.
Semlykeene, *countenance, beauty.* C.
Semmlykeed, *countenance.*
Sendaument, *appearance.*
Sete, *seat.*
Shap, *fate.* C.
Shap scurged, *fate-scourged.* C.
Sheene, *lustre, shine.*
Sheen, *to shine.*
Shemres, *shine.*
Shemrynge, *glimmering.* C.
Shente, *broke, destroyed.* C.
Shepen, *innocent.* qu.
Shepsterr, *shepherd.* C.
Shettynge, *shooting.*
Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes, the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by* 3. Ewd. 4. c. 5.
Shotte, *shut.*
Shotteyng, *closing, shutting.*
Shrove, *shrouded.*
Siker, *sure.*
Skyne, *sky,*
Slea, *slay.* C.
Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth.* C.
Sledde, *sledge, hurdle.*
Slee, *slay.*
Sleene, *slain.* C.
Sleeve, *clue of thread.*
Sletre, *slaughter.*
Sleyghted, *slighted.*
Sleynges, *slings.*

Slughornes, *a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy, a kind of clarion.* C.
Smethe, *smoke.* C.
Smething, *smoking.* C.
Smore, *besmeared.*
Smothe, *steam, or vapours* C.
Snett, *bent, snatched up.* C.
Snoffelle, *snuff up.*
Sockeynge, *sucking.*
Solle, *soul.*
Sorfeeted, *surfeited.*
Sothe, *truth.*
Sothen, *sooth.* qu.
Soughle, *soul.*
Soughlys, *souls.* C.
Souten, *for sought.*
Sparre, *a wooden bar, or inclosure.*
Spedde, *reached, attained.* qu
Spencer, *dispenser.* C.
Spere, *allow.* qu.
Sphere, *spear.*
Splete, *cleaved, split.*
Sprenged, *sprinkled.*
Sprytes, *spirits, souls.* C.
Spyryng, *towering.*
Staie, *support, prop.*
Staie, *fastening.*
Starks, *stalks.*
Steck, *stuck.*
Stedness, *firmness, stedfastness.* C.
Steemde, *reeked, steamed.*
Steemie, *steaming.*
Steeres, *stairs.*
Stent, *stained.* C.
Steynced, *alloyed, or stained.* qu.
Steyne, *stain, blot, dssgrace.*
Stoke, *stuck.*
Storthe, *death.*
Storven, *dead.* C.
Storven, *for strove.* qu.
Stowe, *place, city.*
Straughte, *stretched.* C.
Stre, *straw.*
Stree, *strew.*
Stret, *stretch.* C.
Strev, *strive.*
Stringe, *strong.* C.
Stynts, *stops.*
Substant, *substantial.*
Suffyeyll, *sufficient.*
Super-hallie, *over righteous.* C.
Surcote, *a cloke or mantel which hid all the other dress.* C.
Suster, *sister.*
Swanges, *wave to and fro.*
Swarthe, *spirit, ghost.*
Swarthless, *dead, expired.*
Swarthynge, *expiring.*
Sweft-kervd, *short liv'd.* C.
Sweltrie, *sultry.* C.
Swolterynge, *overwhelming.* qu.
Swolynge, *swelling.*
Swote, *sweet.* C.
Swotelie, *sweetly.* C.
Swotie, *sweet.* C.
Swythe, *quickly.* C.
Swythen, *quickly.* C.
Swythyn, *quickly.* C.
Syke, *such, so.* C.
Sythe, *since.*
Sythence, *since then.*

T

Takells, *arrows.* C.
Talbots, *a species of dogs.*
Tempest-chaft, *tempest-beaten.* C.

Tende, *attend, or wait.* C.
Tene, *sorrow.*
Tentyflie, *carefully.* C.
Thight, *consolidated, closed.*
Thilk, *that,* or *such.*
Thoughtenne, *thought.*
Thraslarke, *thrushes.*
Throstle, *thrush.*
Thyk, *such.* C.
Tore, *torch.* C.
Tourneie, *turnament.* C.
Trechit, *treget, deceit.*
Trone, *throne.* C.
Trothe, *truth.* C.
Troulie, *true, truly.*
Twaie, *two.*
Twayne, *two.* C.
Twighte, *plucked, pulled.* C.
Twytte, *pluck, or pull.* C.
Tynge, *tongue.*
Tytend, *tightened, fastened.*

V U

Val, *helm.* C.
Vengouslie, *revengefully.*
Ugsomme, *terrible.* C.
Ugsomness, *terror.* C.
Villeyn, *vassal, servant.*
Unburled, *unarmed.* C.
Uncouthe, *unknown.* C.
Undevyse, *explain.*
Unliart, *unforgiving* C.
Unlydgefulle, *rebellious.*
Unwote, *unknown.*
Upryne, *raise up.*
Vyed, *viewed.*

W

Walsome, *loathsome.*
Wanhope, *despair.* C.
Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread.*
Waylde, *choice, selected.*
Waylynge, *decreasing.* C.
Whestlyng, *whistling.*
Woden blue, *dyed blue with woad.*
Woe-be-mentynge, *woe-be-wailing.*
Wychencref, *witchcraft.*
Wysche, *wish.*

Y

Yan, *than.*
Yaped, *laughable.* C.
Yatte, *that.*
Ybereynge, *bearing.*
Yborne, *son.*
Ybrende, *burn.*
Ycorne, *engraved, carved.*
Ycorvenn, *to mould.* C.
Ydeyd, *dyed.*
Ydronks, *drinks.*
Yer, *your, their.*
Yeyre, *their.* C.
Yie, *thy.*
Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*
Yinder, *yonder.*
Yis, *this.*
Ylachd, *enclosed, shut up.*
Ynhyme, *inter.* C.
Ynutyle, *useless.*
Yreaden, *made ready.*
Yreerde, *reared, raised.*
Yspende, *consider.* C.
Ystorven, *dead.* C.
Ytorn, *torn.*
Ytsel, *itself.*

Z

Zabalus, *the devil.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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